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OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Thy fate unpay'd, and thy rites unpaid !
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

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NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

Rule'd by Machinery, by Asa Spencer, from a Medal executed by Andrieu.

The beautiful medallion which embellishes the present number of the Casket, is a specimen of a peculiar style of engraving which America claims the exclusive honor of giving birth to. In 1817, by the use of a machine which had been invented in Philadelphia, *Christian Gobrecht*, die-sinker, produced upon copper an engraving from a medal, having upon it the head of Alexander of Russia. From this engraving impressions were taken and distributed. The claims set forth in the London Philosophical Magazine for 1832, rest upon no proof, while its existence in this country for so many years previous, abundantly established it as an American invention, even if the fact had ever been denied, which does not appear to be the case. In 1819, Mr. Asa Spencer, of the house of Draper, Underwood, Bald & Spencer, bank note engravers, took with him to London, a machine of the kind above alluded to, which was designed principally for straight and waved line ruling. This machine was used in London during the year just mentioned, and the mode of ruling waved lines, and of coying medals was then exhibited and explained by Mr. Spencer to several artists. Little, however, was done in the way of medal ruling, until about four years since, when a desire to apply the method to the engraving of designs for bank notes, caused it to be revived by Mr. Spencer, who bestowed great attention on it, and overcame the difficulties encountered in the outset.

The peculiar construction of this machine has never been made a secret, nor has it ever been patented, although prudential motives have required that it should not be minutely described, and thus be placed in the hands of those by whom its use might be perverted to improper purposes. In consequence if this free communication in relation to this machine, it is

now made, with modifications in the details, for engravers, by some of our machinists.

It may not be amiss, however, briefly to observe, that this machine is constructed much on the principle of a pentagraph. Since it has been introduced into the art of bank note engraving, it has materially increased the safety of notes, by rendering it wholly impossible to make a counterfeit. The effect produced is so peculiar as to defy all efforts of the graver at imitation. The steel implement of the engraver soon becomes blunted by an application of this kind, and the keen point of a diamond is alone found equal to the task of tracing successive lines of equal distinctness on the hard surface of the steel plate. Mr. Spencer cannot be too much distinguished for his zeal in perfecting an instrument which combines so much real utility with the beauty of its productions; while his success in doing so would seem to be the highest possible evidence of his skill and science as an artist and mechanic. The completion of such a machine appeared alone wanting to place the respectable engraving company before mentioned, at the summit of their profession. If they have heretofore been admitted to possess taste, talent and skill of the most exalted order, they must now be allowed to add the finishing qualification of *perfect safety*—a quality as necessary in their works as light is to creation.

A BLOSH.—“What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word or look, or a thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or stocking which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul!—there may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of the doctrines of chance.

The following song, composed for the occasion was sung at the late celebration of the anniversary of St. Andrew, by the St. Andrew's Society of Savannah, Ga. It is almost equal to Burns's original.

"Thistle Bloom."

TUNE—"Should Auld Acquaintance."

Should Scotia's emblem be forgot?
Should mem'ry scant it room?
Should we her sons remember not
The Thistle's bonnie bloom?

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom my friends
The Thistle's bonnie bloom,
We'll toom a stoup this glad some night
To "Thistle's bonnie bloom."

Tho' far frae hame an' native lan,
Our hearts shall feel no gloom,
While here we join a winsome clan
To sing "The Thistle Bloom."

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We loe her glens, her braes, her burns,
Her heather and her broom,
But maist our soul for country yearns,
At sight o' Thistle bloom.

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Tho' aft we quaff to Scotia's gude,
Whylist mirth an' sang gaes roun,
Yet nobler feelings warm the bluid,
Inspired by Thistle bloom.

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We bid the tearfu' widow turn,
Her eyes frae aff the tomb,
We hush the wail o' orphan bairn,
Taught by thee, "Thistle bloom."

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Then sing ye chiefs wio' heart and soul,
Skirl loud nor fash the tune,
Gar Indus tell it to the pole,
And praise thee, "Thistle bloom!"

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES.

Adieu! ye sunny, summer hours,
A long, perhaps, a last farewell,
When spring renews his vernal flowers,
I may not with their freshness dwell.

A spirit sunk, a broken heart,
Ne'er mingles with the gay and free,
And misery cannot bear to part,
From one, so wretched, lone as me.

My dreams of love and joy are o'er,
Which smiled upon my youthful day,
Now, syren hope can charm no more,
Or lure me with its fleeting ray.

Each gayer thought aside I fling,
Its fading bliss, and idle dreams,
I would not to my bosom bring,
One thought of fonder, earlier themes.

Then fare ye well, ye youthful hours,
Ye days of love, and hope farewell,
When spring renews her vernal flowers,
I may not with their freshness dwell.

C. H. W.

Written for the Casket.

The Three Wishes.

A DREAM.

Of all the slaves who bowed to the ground, and touched the dust at the feet of Sultan Morad, the most submissive and most discontented was Mehemet Han. To have beheld the complacency with which the same Mehemet stroked his beard, twisted his turban, adjusted his cashmere—to have observed him, with solemn steps and downcast eyes, entering the mosch, mortals must have regarded him as the most sincere Moslem who had ever kissed the Black Stone of the Caaba, at Mecca. Sincere, indeed, was Mehemet Han, in the object of his piety, and that was his own aggrandizement; and a puzzle it must have been to the great Prophet himself, to divine the depth of the ambitious desires of Mehemet Han.

It was one of those summer evenings, the beauty of which no fancy could realize, unless that fancy had been vivified by the scenery of Thrace and Bithynia, along the Bosphorus, and sublimed by the last beams of day, glittering upon Turkish minarets, moschs, and tombs, through the trembling cypress boughs, with which these edifices are interspersed, and partially overshadowed. The surface of the straits, just sufficiently ruffled to shew it was liquid—the solemn abodes of departed Mussulmen—the fading rays still playing upon the long banks of clouds, hanging over the fields of Thrace, or rising mountain-like from the bosom of the Mar-mora; the moon appearing over the distant mountains of Asia; and in the centre of this splendid picture, the thousand shapeless and varying forms created by the twilight, from the houses and shores, and the whole rendered peculiarly impressive by the deep toned Muzzein breaking on the ear. All nature was called to repose, to contemplation, and to unfeigned devotion; and thousands, relieved from the cares of day, felt the balm upon their souls. But there was one to whom the rich scene seemed as did Paradise to the first tempter of man:

"Each passion dimm'd his face,

Thrice charged with pale ire, envy, and despair."

The very day thus closed, had Mehemet Han, with the most apparently devoted expression of attachment and fidelity, assisted to put the sword of the Prophet into the hands of a new grand vizier. That new vizier was the great Achmet Cuprogli. The now cringing and repining Mehemet Han, the son of a Curd, was the spoiled favourite of Cuprogli; and never since the days of Saladin did a more fierce and ungrateful fugitive issue from the mountains of Curdistan.

"May his soul be in Eblis, before the snow falls on this city," muttered the heart-stricken Mehemet. "For what have I despoiled the unbelievers, and made their habitations desolate! The Kaffirs, what is ten millions of sequins?—a trifle. By the Holy Sepulchre! I am not a Pacha of Three Tails, and a Begler Beg, for no purpose. If Morad himself doth not weep when my riches are named, then some other Pacha has already made Roumelia as complete a desert as I have left Anatolia—that basest of all the worshippers of Allah, that Cuprogli. But

he shall not always frown in the Divan. The great sheriff himself—the proud and haughty Morad, may yet tremble at the name of Mehemet Han. The bowstring, which sent his predecessor, Ibrahim, to mingle with unbelievers—Cuprogli, Grand Vizier—bah!—and Mehemet Han, at the end of ten years' service, only a Pacha of Three Tails. The whole faithful fellows of Omar, bowing the knee to Cuprogli; and me, when thirty summers have ripened my brain, sent to—Why has Allah poured the full stream of wisdom on the head of Mehemet, and left the skulls of Morad, and his vizier, Cuprogli, barren rocks on the desert? Holy Prophet enlighten the mind of thy servant, for these things are dark and hidden."

At these words the spirit of the Moslem sunk, oppressed, and whilst his head rested on the root of stunted cypress, and his body reclined beneath the arch of a tomb, gray from time, a deep slumber steeped him in forgetfulness; but the body only slept; the mind, with the rapid and mysterious transitions of a dream, seemed to awaken to a new life.

"Mehemet Han—Mehemet Han," called a voice from the air.

"Thy servant is here," replied the astonished Moslem; and he beheld before him, descending from a fleecy cloud, a being, not of earth, with robes light as ether, and sparkling with every precious gem. His eyes, though benign as those of the most beautiful houri, were too radiant for mortal sight, and those of Mehemet closed beneath their power; his lips were also sealed as he sunk to the ground at the feet of the celestial stranger.

"Fear not, Mehemet, thou most faithful amongst the faithful children of true believers. I am one of the seventy thousand times seventy thousand spirits, who await and fly to the remotest bounds of the universe, at the command of the great Prophet. Come, thou favoured one, behold what the blessed Mahommed hath vouchsafed to bestow on him whose prayers are recorded in the Book of Remembrance."

More than the light of a thousand suns seemed now to beam on the earth. The Marmora sea, the adjacent shores, and the edifices of the imperial city and adjacent villages, appeared involved in an ocean of light ineffable. The angel stretched forth his hand and touched the shoulders of Mehemet, and both rose, light as the zephyr which fans the flowery garden of the seraglio; they rapidly ascended to the region of clouds, now tinged with every colour which could delight the eye or ravish the senses. The dark soul of Mehemet was, for the moment, penetrated by the effulgence, and his powers of vision expanded as his elevation stretched the vast domains of his master, Morad, as a chart beneath his feet. The Marmora appeared a mere pond, as the distant Archipelago, studded with islands, advanced, bringing forward the mountains and vales of Greece, Macedonia, and dimly presenting the shores of Italy, beyond the Adriatic. The snow clad Hæmus could not conceal the dark and majestic Danube, or the crescent, shedding its moon-lit beams on the borders of Hungary, and around the entire shores of the Euxine. Sweeping his rapid view to the south, the distant and

burning shores of Africa stretched along a horizon, beneath which Cyprus and Candia seemed as two blooming gardens, on each side of the Chelidonian promontory.

"Turn thine eye to the mountains of Asia," said the spirit, as Mehemet was swiftly borne along the winds. Anatolia and Caramania, with the towering Caucasus, seemed to float westward, as the shores of Europe receded, and the mountains of Asia, the Caspian and Indian seas, and the cities of Persia, rose on the eastern perspective. The heart of Mehemet swelled with delight, as the whole Mahometan kingdoms and nations presented a varied tapestry to his enraptured gaze. But from the too immense picture his bewildered fancy was withdrawn by his guide, as they at length rested on the highest peak of Amanus.

"Turn thine eyes to the northwestward," and Mehemet obeyed the spirit. His dream then bore the flight of imaginary fancy to the plains of Konia, over the fountains of the Ermak and Sacaria rivers, until his mind's eye fixed on Istamboul, (Constantinople) rising the pavilion of kings, between two seas. The streets of that city, and its harbour, presented one connected scene of military parade and pomp. Here pranced the proud Arabian courser, as he bore the still prouder warrior. There, in solid array, troop after troop marched to the quays, where ships innumerable received the turbaned legions. Amongst those grim warriors one rode in stateliest garb; his scymetar gleamed with studded diamonds, and on the banner before him, floated the insignia of Othman power. The heart of Mehemet grew sick at the sight, and his countenance blackened with rage.—this honoured commander of thousands, was Cuprogli.

"They heart may yet be comforted," said his guide; "be calm and thou shalt see." Mehemet devoured his wrath in silence, as the white canvass of a mighty fleet floated down the Marmora. His eye pursued the crowded ships as they passed the Dardanelles, the Archipelago, and the beautiful Soio; and until, sweeping through the Cyclades, they passed Cape Sassoso, and moored in the bay of Mutium, in Candia.

"Let the storm of war rage," said the spirit; "be attentive to the message I bring thee from the Prophet—it is in these words: 'Go to that servant of Allah, and grant him the full fruition of the THREE most ardent wishes of his SOUL.' I await thy desires, Mehemet Han."

"Wealth," sighed the Moslem.

"Most wisely hast thou chosen, son of a mortal: wealth will command the services of friends, and lay thy enemies at thy feet. Here is a purse," said the spirit, opening his robe, and placing the surcharged repository of gold in the hands of Mehemet, "which thou cannot exhaust. Ever full: all the riches of the infidel children of traffic, all the riches of the gorgeous east, and all treasures of the Sheriff Morad, put together, would be poverty to thy riches, favoured Mehemet."

The heart of Mehemet glowed for a moment as he placed the invaluable gift in his bosom; but in another moment he cast a glance towards Candia, and his breast heaved.

"Thy second wish, Mehemet," said the spirit.

"Life," quickly replied the Turk. "Life—what is it?—a flash of lightning—a peal of thunder!"

"And all is gone into the place of silence," observed the spirit, with a smile; for short, indeed, is the course of the days of man; but thou, oh greatly favoured Mehemet, shalt have no cause to complain for want of length of years:—when two hundred springs shall have renewed the flowers of Asia, over yonder plains, thy full strength of manhood shall not be then complete."

Mehemet exulted in the promise, felt his purse, stroked his beard, but again glancing over contending fleets and armies in Candia, he again sighed.

"The day of thy death I cannot foresee myself," said the spirit; "I am commanded to assure thee, that more than five hundred years shalt thou live."

"Blind and fettered," impatiently replied Mehemet, with all the gold and silver the earth contains; with length of days seven-fold more than the common term of man's life—what is then the possessor but a voyager on the ocean of time, whose vision is sealed? Futurity!"

"Thy third wish," interrupted the spirit, is easy to divine—be it so;" and he touched the head of Mehemet, and at the same time he drew from his bosom a small golden clasped book. "This is the BOOK of FUTURITY," he continued; "it is now thine. Thou art now enriched beyond all other mortal possessions:—thou art ensured of life far beyond the utmost term granted to thy fellow men; and thou hast what no human being but the great Prophet can boast: thou hast the records of coming time."

Here the spirit smiled, and was silent. The entranced Mehemet remained lost for some moments in the mixed exultations created by his new condition. A chill came over him; he turned round to where his guide had stood, but he was now alone on Amanus. The snows were drifted around him, as the winds sighed amongst the frozen summits. He clasped his hands on his breast: his purse and book were safe, but the whole landscape, not open to ordinary vision, had vanished. Mehemet sighed; but a change again came over the spirit of his dream. He seemed to awake as if from a delicious sleep, and found himself reclining on a most superbly rich ottoman, in an apartment, the walls of which was mother of pearl, the floor a carpet of woven gold; the frames of the doors and windows, crystal, vying in sparkling brightness to the finest diamonds of India. On every side vases of jasper supported flowers of every dye, and exhaled a fragrance which reached and soothed the inmost senses. Soft and thrilling music stole upon the ear, and the tones rose and fell at the inward wish of the hearer. Servants, in the most gorgeous livery, were prostrate awaiting the commands of their lordly master.

"Slave, bring that golden ewer, and place it by me," exclaimed Mehemet. He was obeyed. "Leave me alone, slaves," he continued in a raised voice, and in a moment he was alone in the most costly apartment ever conceived by the human imagination.

Clapping his hand to his breast, he drew forth his purse, and withdrawing the strings, seized

the sapphire button at its top, and held it over the ewer. A stream of golden pieces, mixed with the most brilliant and high-wrought gems, flowed into and soon overflowed the ewer, and spread upon the precious carpet beneath.

"It is enough—blessed be Allah, and Mahommed is his Prophet," exclaimed Mehemet, closing his purse and replacing it in his bosom. "I will solace myself with a few pages of the book of futurity," said the now happy Mussulman, as he drew forth the portentous volume. On its lid he read,

"The promises of Allah shall be fulfilled."

"Then shall Mehemet Han be richer than all the kings of the earth; live more than seven times longer than common mortals—see farther into futurity than any other prophet, except the blessed Mahommed, and be wiser than Solomon himself," whispered his heart, to close his reflections as he unclasped the volume, and most rapturously read,

"Ask, and it shall be unfolded to thee."

This was written on the obverse of the golden cover, and turning to the right side, he found the book was indeed a mirror, or rather a window through which he saw whatever of futurity he desired to see.

"The siege of Candia?" he sighed, and Candia was once more before him. The city of Mutium had surrendered, and only about one hundred thousand of the faithful had been sent to Paradise, from under its walls. The fleet in triumph was leaving the place, and Cuproglia—"Dog!" roared Mehemet, and clouds and darkness obscured the book.

"Mehemet Han, grand vizier?" muttered the inquirer, and the page was again clear, as he maddened, sprang to his feet, drew forth a most tranchant blade of Damascus, twirled his mustachios, and swore extinction to the whole host of unbelievers. Here he remembered and repeated a text of the Koran; "Be moderate in prosperity." This advice restored his soul to some patience, and he again turned his eye to his book.

"When will Mehemet Han be grand vizier?"

"In the year of the Hegira, 1300," appeared in letters of fire, and like the lightning's flash disappeared.

"Merciful Allah!" most piteously exclaimed Mehemet, "I shall then be more than two hundred years old."

"Just about middle age," appeared in words of fire, as before, which flashed and was gone, but was followed by "Mehemet be attentive and be instructed."

The whole soul of the dreamer was now absorbed, and his gaze riveted on the scenes which opened before him. First rose the imperial city; but how changed! The faces of strangers appeared in the streets, with steps firm and mien erect, as if masters.

"Who are they?" mentally demanded Mehemet.

"Russians," gleamed above their heads.

"The mosque of Sultan Selim?"

"Like all other mosques in Constantinople, are purged, and have become pure—they are now!"

"Temples of the unbelievers," roared the indignant Turk. "The Seraglio?"

"Gone—its walls demolished—its rude and barbarous magnificence vanished—quays and warehouses formed the front—and within, merchant palaces rose. It is again Byzantium."

"Allah! Allah! thy ways are just but mysterious," groaned the distressed Mehmet. "The Divan—the great Padi—Schah—the Sheriff—the Sultan?"

The dilapidated walls of Barsa rose before him, and amid its half ruined palaces, his suffused vision beheld a remnant of Othman power, seated where had sat their ancestors in past ages, long before their scymetars gleamed on the western shore of the Hellespont. In front of the palace appeared a body of troops, with countenances downcast, motley clothed and armed, and at their head a man whose thin and flaxen hair and beard, and pale, haggard, and furrowed visage bespoke extreme length of years.

"Long live our great vizier Mehmet Han!" streamed along a dark and heavily clouded sky, and again all was silence and sadness. The very inmost soul of the sleeper was now transfixed: one of his most ardent hopes was realized, but, alas! under what shadows of calamity! The glories of his country departed; the followers of Mohammed trembling at the name of the long cursed and hated Kafir. Himself reduced to a shade, pictured the departed grandeur of the Othman empire, now falling in ruins upon its own foundations.

"My family?" he inwardly, yet scarcely dared even in thought to call forth that part of futurity.

"Be patient and be instructed," again beamed. In the twinkling of a moment his dream carried him backwards in time and space. He was seated in a most magnificent pavilion, overlooking the gently ruffled surface of the Marmora. This pavilion rose upon one of the highest of the seven hills over which extended the imperial labyrinth. Beside him sat one of the fairest daughters of Circassia; a form which not even the most beautiful houri could excel. The odor of incense and flattery mixed to regale his almost overpowered senses. The lips of the enchanting Eutema were pouring forth a recitation of the wealth, power, and greatness of her beloved lord, the generous, valiant, and victorious Pacha Mehmet Han. The inflated heart of the same Pacha was moving a breast-plate studded with diamonds of inestimable price. The title of Saif O Dawla, (sword of the state) was breathed by the bewitching Eutema, as she touched the hilt of a scymetar, a present from the great Sultan Mustapha.

"Thy enemy Cuprogli, lies amongst the bones of unbelievers, on the banks of the Danube," whispered Eutema. "Yes, my Lord! and the power of Mustapha is like the leaf in after summer: it is withering, and will!"

"Soon fall, and be trodden under foot," responded Mehmet.

"And my own lord be grand vizier," ejaculated Eutema, as she clasped the knees of the aspiring Pacha.

"What sound breaks the air?" demanded Mehmet, after an anxious pause.

"It is the howling wind," replied Eutema.

"No!" passionately rejoined Mehmet, "it is the angry sound of war"—and in fancy he stood breathless, with his right hand on the hilt of his studded scymetar. Sudden and frightful darkness in a moment overwhelmed him; his houses, pavilion—his Eutema and children, seemed swept before a mighty tempest, out of which issued curses menacing death! death! to the vile traitor, Mehmet Han."

"Villain! where is thy benefactor, Cuprogli?" loudly demanded one voice.

"Dead, on the field of Salankamen, and by the treachery of this caulf," mournfully replied another.

"Death! death!" again resounded with redoubled fury, as the terrified wretch seemed hurried along by the very breath of rage, whilst the cries of his wives and children mingled in the blast.

Another change came: a glare like that of lightning gleamed around him; but not passing; the lurid flame made every object most dreadfully visible. The maddened Janizaries presented a front where every face seemed distorted by hate, vengeance, and unspitting malice. A gulph opened, and down plunged the fugitive to depths unknown. He was stunned by the fall as he reached the bottom of the abyas. With returning sense he looked around, and death would have been joyfully met, as relief from the horrors that arose from every sight and sound. His once beloved Eutema, his other wives, and his children, appeared as demons.

"Aha! aha!" shouted these furies; "all hail to the great, the mighty, the victorious, and the generous vizier, Mehmet Han!"

"Whose purse is never empty," cried Eutema, as she plucked his disordered beard, and snatching the fountain-purse from his bosom, and poured a golden stream at his feet.

Unable to bear the storm, the wretched Mehmet writhed in agony as he turned his face to the sulphurous ground, from which he felt unable to raise his bruised and broken limbs.

At once, silence more awful than the tumult which preceded it. The cavern was now indeed the cavern of death—not the death which ends life and its woes, but death of hope. Mehmet raised his head, and around him, on the very richest sofas, sat Eutema and his most beloved son, Nashili; but their faces were expressive of woe, too deep to admit a single breath or murmur. They fixed their gaze upon him, and their reproaches were red hot bolts piercing his inward soul. Eutema still held the golden fountain open, and the whole cavern seemed strewn with gold and jewels. Eutema raised her left hand, and the burning eyes of Mehmet obeyed the signal.

A figure emerged from the darkness; his stature and mien unearthly; his steps were slow, and visage solemn and stern. The gaze of Mehmet was fixed upon the advancing shade, who appeared to him as the spirit of the murdered Cuprogli. Stillness reigned until the voice of the dead seemed to pierce the walls around them.

"Mehmet Han, thou knowest me, and thee I know, thou man of blood and black ingratitude. Thy soul thirsted for gold, and on a bed

of gold forty years shalt thou lie in torture. Behold this wound!" and the spirit of Cuprogli opened his breast red with gore. "That was given by thy means, if not by thy hand. My soul was wafted to where thine shall never come. Thy heart panted for length of days, and a measure of life was given thee seven fold. Thy desires were not satisfied by overflowing riches, or with five hundred years of life. From the lips of the Angel of Wrath, who cursed thee with a grant of thy own Three Wishes, did I receive an account of thy folly. Again thou dared to desire the book of futurity—and it was given thee. Read and be instructed. Had thou called for wisdom, it would have been given thee; and one ray of wisdom would have taught thee resignation to the laws of thy nature. Let the innocent be at rest," concluded the spirit of Cuprogli, as he waved his hand over Eutema and her son, and they were gone. The fatal purse was thrown at the feet of Mehemet, who was left alone in this deep abode of despair.

Thus far the dreamer read when in vain he attempted to withdraw his view from the fearful unfolding of his own fate. With that mysterious power given to man in sleep, moments seemed days, and days years. With the fatal volume in his hand, and the fatal purse at his feet, time appeared to stand still as the dark surface of the Marmora, or to flow heavily as the sluggish Bosphorus. A consuming thirst and gnawing hunger seized the vitals of the dreamer: for what appeared to be the condition of his image in the glass of futurity, was felt, and keenly felt, by the sleeping Mehemet. A table, covered with every viand which could tempt the appetite, slowly descended from the vault; wines, more sparkling than those of Shiraz, overflowed goblets of the purest chrysal; and fruits, luscious, as if plucked from the groves of Eden, all stood before the parched and famished Mehemet; but his pained and stiffened limbs refused their office when he attempted to touch the vessels which held the desired food or draught, made visible, and only visible, by a dim and dismal glare which gleamed at intervals through the vault.

"Five hundred years are surely past," thousand and ten thousand times, in bitterest torture, groaned Mehemet, as he writhed on his couch of gold and gems. "Will the angel of death never strike this head?" The awful sound of his own voice only answered in echoes—"Death never strike this head!" Memory, which awakes or in sleep never deserts either innocence or guilt, spoke in words of fire; and Cuprogli, Mustapha, Eutema, and Nashili, passed incessantly through the brain of the remorse-wrung Mehemet. "All is lost!" was repeated in echo, "All is lost."

But, after what appeared countless centuries to the soul of Mehemet, the glass of futurity again became dim, and the prisoner in the cavern was for a moment lost to his sight. The clouds of obscurity rolled away, and the city of Istamboul, resplendent in light, was spread before him. All was action in its streets. A numerous army, in all the panoply of war, were preparing to march forth. The coursers were chafing their bridles, whilst the frowning spahis awaited the orders of a man who, in the most

gorgeous apparel, mounted on a steed of the most perfect form, and of size above that of any other steed of this mighty host.

"Allah be praised—it is me!" muttered Mehemet—and hunger, thirst, and death, were forgotten, as in rapture his fancy bore him from the cavern to the imperial city. Janisaries and spahis were on their way, and the very earth seemed to tremble beneath their feet, as the Balkan was scaled, and the plains of Hungary spread on the far distance. Mehemet felt for his purse and book—and they were safe in his bosom.

"A page of futurity," whispered the now elevated vizier, as he rested on a couch of pearl and gold, and he again opened the dread volume. The deep and dark rolling Canube reflected the shadows of an army, who, with slow but steady steps, moved down its valley. The Save and Drave were passed, and this army enveloped at the same time the crescent floating over the battlements of Belgrade, and that city itself.

"The insolent sons of unbelievers will never dare meet me and mine host," loudly exclaimed Mehemet, as he clasped his warning volume and gave the signal of advance. But as in imagination he was borne along in his most magnificent chariot: "Let me feast mine eyes with the slaughter of these kaffirs—these dogs!" thought Mehemet, and the book of fate was again drawn forth.

The two armies now appeared drawn up in terrific array, from the Danube to the Save. The Christians, less in number, were headed by a small, brown-visaged man, in plain clothing; his sword, dark as the hand who held it, beamed no lustre. The soldiers of the cross, as plain as their chief, moved slow, steady and firm.

In the form of their standard, the crescent, the numerous and glittering host of Mahometans, their right on the Danube, and left on the Save, with the strong fortress of Belgrade beyond their enemies, now approached in dread array. No hope for the Teutones—their bones were doomed to lie bleached on the fields of Belgrade. The shock was made—the Mahometans seemed to strike a wall of brass and iron; they were broken, discomfited and fled, bearing with them in their tumultuous flight the now terrified and stupified vizier, whose ears were pierced with curses, loud and terrible, against his folly, presumption, and cowardice. Some of the old time-blanching Janisaries swore, by the beard of Mohammed, that they never saw two kaffirs look so much alike as their recreant vizier and the traitor who betrayed Cuprogli, and who, years gone by, they had thrown headlong into the Bosphorus. Their wrath burned after the terrified vizier and a few of his creatures, who, mounted on the very fleetest horses, kept in advance of the exasperated warriors, who thirsted to quench the shame of their defeat in the blood of those who were regarded as the author of misfortune. The head of a defeated vizier has always stood loose on the shoulders of the wearer, in Istamboul, and prostrate before the infuriated sultan fell the trembling Mehemet Han.

"Caitiff, where are my troops?"

"The decrees of Allah are just," most piteously replied the miscreant.

"And I am his sheriff, to pronounce those decrees—mutes," said the sultan, in a voice which froze the soul of Mehemet, who forgot that his life was secured for at least the next four centuries. "But, no!" resumed the sultan, as a wave of his hand sent back the coming ministers of fate, "thou deservest not death—in a dungeon shalt thou languish."

In an instant, with the rapid transition of a dream, Mehemet was again in the dungeon where, in imagination, he had languished countless years in torture. The purse, the book, the gold-bestrewed pavement, and the profusely covered table, were again around him, and again were his inward vitals enwrapped in a flame of raging thirst, whilst his swollen and benumbed limbs refused their office. His eyes and brain remained to place before him what were once the objects of fierce desire, and now strewed before him in mockery. Through another period of pain and misery did he in vain invoke the angel of death. "Death will never come!" was responded from the endless darkness, every where being round the sulphurous light which environed the sufferer.

As the distracted reader reached this period of his future fate, horror for a moment closed the gates of futurity, and when he once more turned his eyes to the page all was changed.

The Bosphorus was before him, but its waters were covered with an innumerable fleet, bearing down upon the imperial city. On all sides hosts were advancing upon the now silent and deserted palaces of Istamboul. He turned his view to Asia, and in the far distance beheld a melancholy cavalcade, and, anon, eyes suffused in tears turned lingering and despairing looks behind. In an attitude of stern despair, rode one majestic and aged man; his garb and turban, and the comparison of his horse, told the dreadful truth—"This is the sultan, the sheriff, the padishah"—and those vehicles, veiled in black, are bearing his wives and children to Bursa.

Who is that aged pacha who rides up to the sultan? He is Nashili, son of Mehemet; he bends his head low and is opening his quivering lips to speak. But casting on him a look of withering contempt and rage, the sultan drew forth his flaming scymetar, and the head and body of Nashili fall on opposite sides of his horse, and the wheels and hoofs of the cavalcade trample the fragments in the dust with execrations.

"Accursed family—son of a traitor!" murmured, bitterly, the fugitive sultan, and "Accursed family," was caught and repeated by the indignant troop.

As he beheld the mangled limbs and the blood of his son mingled with the dust, Mehemet gnashed his teeth in rage, horror, and despair.

Suddenly loud and repeated bursts of thunder, with swift recurring flashes of lightning, involved the cavern in uproar and flame. The earth rocked as if her hour of dissolution had come. Slowly the tumult ceased, and before the terrified Mehemet stood the same messenger, who, apparently ages before, had borne him to the top of Amanus. From his eyes beamed a light which penetrated the vast profound, and before

which those of Mehemet were closed, as his heart sunk in dread.

"Mortal," said the spirit, "again has the mighty Prophet sent to thee another message." Mehemet groaned in agony. "Why," resumed the spirit, "dost thou mourn, and why is thy soul sad? Is not thy couch gold and costly gems? Is not thy sack of gold forever full? Is not thy table covered with every dainty that the farthest countries can supply? Hast thou not the book of futurity open before thee? and have thy days not been lengthened, to enable thee to enjoy more than any other mortal man was ever permitted to enjoy? Why dost thou fall in fear before me? I am as thou oughtest to be—a servant of Allah. Turn thee and hear the words." The angel stretched forth his hand, touched the head of Mehemet, over whose frame strength was restored to enable him to stand before the messenger of his fate.

"Know, thou man of pride and folly," said the spirit, "that it was to punish thy presumption that erst I was commissioned to grant thy desires. Know that none but Allah himself can reverse his decrees, and therefore know, that when riches above measure, and days seven-fold beyond the term of human life were given thee, that even the blessed Prophet could not change the smallest event which might arise from such riches and such length of days bestowed on thee;—it is not for even the Prophet of Allah to change thy heart. What thou hast read in the book of futurity, thou hast read from the pen of destiny. Thou hast seen thyself exalted and abased—thou hast seen thyself seated amid all that could allure thy voluptuous desires—and thou hast felt the fiercest pains of gnawing hunger and parching thirst, with every gift of earth before thee. Thou hast seen the benefactor, who raised thee from the dust, fall by thy ministry; and thou hast seen thy country fall. Thou hast seen the faithful driven from their inheritance, and their habitations enjoyed by unbelieving strangers. Thou hast seen, not thy beloved, for no tender love ever found place in thy bosom, but thou hast seen thy family dishonoured—thou hast seen the dead body of thy son the footstool of beasts of burthen. Now go on—read thy book—thou hast four hundred years before thee."

Saying this, the spirit cast upon the trembling Mehemet a look of mingled indignation and contempt, and disappeared in the deep darkness.

"Four hundred years!" groaned the man of despair, in accents which seemed, to his own ear, to rend the rocks around him, and dashing himself on the gold strewed pavement, clenched his hands in rage. A cold shivering seized his limbs, and he struggled in torture, when a voice pierced his heart, exclaiming,

"Mehemet—mighty Mehemet—my beloved lord—where art thou?"

"Fiends of Eblis, mock me not—I defy thy fury," exclaimed the now waking dreamer; but impressed with the varying and harrassing changes of his visions, he beheld another tormentor stand before him. This was the chief slave of his harem, who had marked his estrangement, and sought him amongst the tombs.

"Avaunt thou cursed Hafiz!" fiercely repeated Mehemet, as the moon beams fell upon the dark face of the slave.

"Allah and his Prophet defend my master!" most mournfully exclaimed Hafiz.

"Name not Allah—name not the Prophet, in these regions of misery. Take back thy cursed gifts—I hurl thee defiance"—and saying these words, in accents as only the children of Eblis should hear, hurled a real purse of sequins, and his tablets, at the head of the terrified slave. The purse and tablets passed the head of Hafiz and rebounded from the walls of a tomb.

"Ha! ha! thou spirit of blackest vengeance," roared Mehemet, "dost think I know thee not! Yes! thou bearest me to Amanus top—thou smilest on me in the form of my Eutema."

"Eutema awaiteth thy return," sobbed Hafiz: "Eutema, Nashili, and all thy family await thee!"

"Four hundred years have I to bear this cruel scoff:—did I not see my Entema hurled by the winds of desolation into the Bosphorus? Did I not see the sword of the sheriff strike to earth my Nashili—my son?"

"Nashili, and his mother, fair as the sun beams, await thee," repeated Hafiz. "May the hand of Allah and that of his Prophet be on my lord, Mehemet, for good!" ejaculated, in a fervent voice, the astonished and terrified slave, who felt assured that the spirit of evil had confounded the mind of his master.

Both were now silent. The moon had risen above the Bithynian hills, and threw a flickering light upon the tombs, as the trembling boughs bent to the gentle night breeze. A soft and soothing coolness played upon the fevered limbs of the perturbed Mehemet. His lips, parched with real thirst, felt the drops which fell from the branches. Still his senses wandered between two states of existence; while the slave, kneeling, heard with terror his broken exclamations:

"Did not a spirit bear me to the highest pinnacle of Amanus? Did not the same spirit give me, by order of the great Prophet, a purse which could never be empty? Did not he also assure me, from the great Prophet, that I should live seven times the life of man? Have I not already lived one hundred revolutions of the sun? Have I not been twice grand vizier?"

"May the grand sultan, the lord of many nations, know and reward thy merit," interrupted Hafiz, in a most humble and supplicating tone.

"Have I not languished forty years in this dungeon: forty thousand feet below the surface of the earth?"

"Strike the head of thy slave to earth," again interrupted Hafiz. "Thou art yet in the bloom of manhood; thy Eutema—thine Nashili, await thee—thou art amongst the tombs of Pera."

"And art thou Hafiz?"

"Put thy foot on the neck of thy slave."

Mehemet struck his hand with great force on his own forehead, as full wakefulness returned; and without regarding the prostrate slave, gnashing his teeth exclaimed,

"Then this has been a dream—some foul spirit of Eblis. I am still Mehemet Han, and Cuprogli is grand vizier—Morad is still sultan. The book of futurity—the ewer—the replenished

purse—the death of Cuprogli—Mustapha, sultan—Mehemet grand vizier—great Prophet, are not dreams often fulfilled?"

The shrewd slave trembled, for other ears might be open amongst the tombs; and once more he ventured to breathe "Eutema—Nashili await thee!"

"And I return," at length replied Mehemet. "Slave, go,"—and as with folded arms he crossed the Golden Horn, the still surcharged mind found vent in broken exclamations:—

"Purse never empty—life seven times beyond the life of man—grand vizier—book of futurity! But, my soul, wouldst thou accept either? or, wouldst the accept all these gifts, as they appeared in thy dream amongst the tombs? Great Allah! thy will be done—but—but a purse pouring out a never-failing stream of gold and precious jewels! Grand vizier—cut down the infidels—make their horses dust, and—Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet!"

I had read thus far this rough translation from the Schah Nameh, when Miss Susan Grimm exclaimed,

"The unreclaimed miser! Why, after all he had suffered for thirst, in his sleep, when wide awake he still thirsted for that ever full purse. What could any person, even a Turkish pacha, do with all the money that?"

"Buy an office, to enable him to get more money!" gruffly muttered old Silas.

That admirable and unrefutable solution settled all difficulty; and we came to the conclusion, that if any one of us possessed the purse of Mehemet Han, that person was in a fair way, with prudence, to make his or her fortune, and rise in the world. MARK BANCROFT.

AMBITION.

BY JOHN NEAL, Esq.

I've loved to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath while flowing high
I've seen our starry banner fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul,
For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be the slave of men.

I've stood and seen on mountain height,
A standard swaying far and free,
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels floating wide and bright,
Above the storm, above the fight,
When nations warr'd for liberty,
And thought I heard the battle cry
Of trumpets in the sky.

I've sailed upon the dull blue deep,
And shouted to the eagles soaring,
And hung me from a rocky steep,
When all but spirits were asleep,
And, oh! my very soul would leap,
To hear the gallant waters roaring.

But I am strangely altered now;
I love no more the bugle's voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with his clouded brow,
The thunder, when the blue skies bow,
And all the suns of God rejoice.
I've learned to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and timid eyes.

SKETCHES OF GEN. BRADDOCK.

The career of this General is perhaps better understood in the United States, than in his own country.—Indeed his name is scarcely to be found in the British Biographies—while here, the history of his defeat at Monongahela, is but another record of the prudence and valor of our beloved Washington.

Gen. Braddock sailed from Cork in 1755 with several British regiments, and arrived safely with his command in Virginia. A convention of Colonial Governors assembled at his request, and settled the plan of the Campaign. As the French had established themselves on the Ohio, and this was deemed equivalent to a declaration of war, one of the points of attack was the Post then well known as Fort Duquesne, which, in 1754, had engaged the attention of the Colonial Governments, and was threatened with an attack from Washington, who was himself obliged to make terms with a superior force at Fort Necessity.

General Braddock seemed in his expedition to have labored under the same disadvantages that Burgoyne did during our revolution. He had to construct his own roads, he was deficient in wagons, and instead of making a rapid movement towards the enemy, was several months on the way. It is said in some old papers to which we have access, that the landing of the troops in Virginia was a great error; and that £40,000 sterling might have been saved, if it had taken place at Philadelphia, while the march also would have been shortened six weeks.

Some curious anecdotes are related of the methods which he adopted by the advice of Dr. Franklin, to gain the assistance of the German inhabitants; but we have not time to relate them. It appears that, on approaching the Fort, he was warned of the necessity of moving with caution, and instead of sending an advance guard of regular troops under Lt. Col. Gage, he was advised to trust to the provincials who were accustomed to woods, and the usual stratagems of the enemy. A belief in the inferiority of the French strength, and an undue confidence in his own, led him to disregard the advice of Washington; and the consequence, notwithstanding a hard fought battle, was his entire defeat.

He himself behaved with great bravery, but in vain. Five horses were killed under him, and he received two wounds, one in the arm and the other in the lungs.—Both of his aids were badly wounded, though one of them, Capt. Orme, lived to make some noise in the fashionable circles of London. Such was the panic occasioned by the unexpected fire from the Indians in ambuscade, as well as the slaughter of the principal officers, that the wounded General was almost abandoned on the field. Eighty guineas were offered to any two men who would attempt to bring him off, but in vain. Nothing but the gallantry of Col. Gage, and another officer, prevented his being left to his fate. He died in four days afterwards. It is said that the troops who were present at this battle, were the same who were defeated at Prestonpans!

His military conduct has been so often censured, that it would only tire the patience of our readers to repeat the various opinions entertained of him by his contemporaries. His character has been assailed as deficient in goodness of temper and affability of manner.

New light has been thrown upon it by the letters of Horace Walpole, recently published in England, edited by Lord Dover, and now republished in New York.—The information is very curious and will be acceptable to all who take pleasure in the early history of their country.

Walpole remarks of his conduct, that the Duke of Cumberland, then a leading member of the Cabinet, found fault with the slow movements of Gen. Braddock, and discovered that "brutality did not necessari-

ly consummate a general." According to the writer, he was a "very Iroquois in disposition." He had a sister, who, being unfortunate at the gaming tables of Bath, hung herself, leaving on a table near her, as an evidence of her indifference to death, some lines commencing with the words.

"To die, is landing on some distant shore."

Gen. Braddock on hearing of her death observed, "*Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up.*"

Another anecdote is recorded of him, that he had the meanness to live on the fortune of a woman of doubtful character, which he used without the least regard to her wants: and when at length he had taken almost her last guinea, (which she was inclined to save,) he accused her of the intention of cheating him, and never went near her again. This incident is said to be related in Fielding's Covent Garden tragedy, with some little embellishments.

Another anecdote in the same work, is the duel between him and Col. Gumley, the brother of Lady Bath. As they were about crossing swords the Colonel called out to Braddock, "You're a poor dog, take my purse, for if you kill me, and run away, you will not have a shilling to support you."

Braddock of course refused the purse, was disarmed, and would not ask his life, which by the laws of the *Duello* made it forfeit to his vanquisher.

We have the same authority for the fact, that Gen. Braddock was at one time Governor of Gibraltar, where he became an especial favorite, and obtained, according to the journals of the times, a popularity well merited by his good conduct!

One thing is very certain, that the British Government were particularly unfortunate in the selection of Generals sent to this country. However gallantly they might have earned their laurels on the Continent, European tactics did not suit the wild woods of America, or succeed against the savages who inhabited them. The names of Shirley, Howe, Abercrombie, Amherst, Loudon, Prideaux, and Braddock, are a few of the list of those whose previous laurels faded or died upon our shores.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Sweet Nightingale! that on the myrtle tree,

Sing'st all alone,

Thou feel'st, happy bird, that thou art free;

And much rejoicing in thy liberty,

Would'st make it known.

Ah! think that in thy tree

Some cruel spoiler's hand may spread the snare,

To rob thee of thy cherished liberty;

Ah! then—beware!

That tree, sweet Nightingale, appears to be

A home of rest,

Where spoilers cannot come to injure thee

Or rob thee of the liberty

That glads thy breast.

Alas! there is no home,

Tho' it be e'er so shelter'd or so fair,

Where danger and misfortune cannot come,

They're every where.

The odoriferous leaves that shade thy head,

'Are always green.

Hope's brilliant colours are around thee spread,

Her soothing influence is o'er thee shed,

Tho' all unseen.

Do not too firmly trust the flatt'ring word,

Or golden smile of Hope, however fair;

In this deceitful world, alas! sweet bird!

Even Hope's a snare

Written for the Casket.

ARGALYA:

A TALE AFTER THE GERMAN OF BARONNESS DE GICHLER.

ORIGINAL.

The late morning gleamed over the snow-covered plains on the Jenisey.* Quiet and deserted was the country: the most dreadful frost kept the natives in their wretched jurtas;† now the sun rose, and remained low above the horizon—blood-red did he look, through the impenetrable fog, without warmth, without reviving power, scarcely strong enough to give light to the immense white plains, which remained in a doubtful twilight. By degrees one of his diagonal beams fell into a cavern, on the Altai,‡ and awoke the sleeper, who, for many thousands of years, lay in that dreadful abyss; because thus did the All-ruling Power will it.

It was Argalya, one of the principal spirits destined to watch over the new-created earth, and to rule and regulate the changing effects of its elements and seasons. The heavy sleep, or rather torpor, which, for thousands of years, had weighed him down, began to disperse, and he to be conscious of his existence. Reminiscences moved dark and distant before his thoughts. He felt that he had existed, then ceased to be, and now to live again. He raised his head, and supporting it on his right hand, he looked around: black walls of rock surrounded him, at some distance, and formed an immense vault above his head; at the ceiling of which, none but an immortal could have discerned the wonderful formations of stalactites,§ which were suspended in eternal darkness. In torpid surprise did he behold all this, but could not conceive, yet, how he had got there, and what had happened to him during his sleep.

By degrees the faculties of his mind recovered; recollections began to unfold themselves; he could collect his thoughts, and a passed-by eternity unfolded its depths before his soul. Now, now he recollected all—all that he had done, had suffered, had lost! He rose: "I am still!" he said, "and why, why not destroyed?" He sighed deeply. The sufferings of the immortals are in the same proportion heightened as their faculties surpass those of mortal beings. Now he left the only feebly lightened cavern. High rocks enclosed him everywhere; no tree, no shrub, scarcely a sign of vegetation, except a few lichens, which clung to the rifts of the rock. He shuddered at the sight of the fearful desert. Slowly he unfolded his æthereal wings, and lifted himself to the top of the mountain; he stood now on the highest peak of the Altai chain. Beneath him he saw extended the immense plains of Tar-

tary and Siberia, as far as the Pole, covered with eternal snow, a true image of solitude and death. Argalya was astonished; a long time he thought that his eyes deceived him, but the same fearful view remained before them. A deadly freezing air prevailed—life appeared all around extinct. The rapid waters which fell from the black rocks of the Altai, were frozen, and lay before him like columns of diamonds; no water roared—no footsteps were heard—no voices sounded—the earth appeared like an immeasurable white tomb. "What a change!" exclaimed the genius: "Is this the same blooming earth which I once trod?" With doubtful flight he descended to the plain, still hoping to find what he beheld the delusion of his dimmed sight. But in vain! He sought emerald fields, and found nothing but snow, in doleful uniformity;—he looked for graceful palm trees, entwined with myrtle and roses, such as those which had given him shade in his immortal youth—black pines and gloomy firs, half bent down by the weight of snow, stood alone, weeping in the solitary desert.

Oppressed by sadness, Argalya now leaned against a rock, and thus poured forth his lamentation:—

"Oh! thou image of my inmost soul, world that has been, earth deprived of its charms, receive me! Thy bloom has fallen. I, too, have been touched by the chilly hand of death! yet cannot die, but must still suffer in this world, where all my delights once dwelt.

"Where are you gone, cheerful images of my youth, when a balmy breeze stirred above an ever-smiling nature, and an azure sky above the emerald soil—when zephyrs played in palm groves, and roses covered those naked rocks?"

"From these mountains fell then eternal streams; where now on swamps the elk seeks food, the light and tame gazelle once sported. Plantains covered the banks of the streams, and from fragrant myrtle shrubberies, nightingales, in balmy evenings, would warble their songs of love and praise!

"Oh, beauteous image of the youthful earth, and far more beauteous still, of my own youth, thou art passed! Shuddering I turn from thee, such as thou art now. I am a stranger on this present globe, and what I have lost, and that which has been, can never be recovered."

Thus sighed Argalya, but no zephyrs answered him. A rude north-eastern tore the frozen snow from the rocks, and filled the air with sleet or hail. "Oh destiny," exclaimed the suffering spirit, "what a clime! what a change!" Again he sunk in the deepest despondency. In his inmost soul he had still deeper wounds, which yet, even with his thoughts, he dared not touch. But after again many days had passed, with their short suns and interminable nights, unheeded by him, he once more awoke from his gloomy reverie, and resolved, in human shape, to go over the country, and to obtain information from the inhabitants about the events, which were but too apparent, to have occurred.

He took the shape of a youth, such as they existed on the globe before the changes, which filled him with so much horror. With difficulty he concealed his celestial origin, and hoped thus

*Jenisey—a river in the eastern part of Siberia, which falls into the Arctic Sea.

†Jurtas, is the expression, in general, for the wretched cabins, the abodes of the Cosacks, Samojedes, and all the different nations of the north of Asia.

‡Altai—an extensive chain of mountains in Siberia, and running over the greater part of the north of Asia.

§Stalactites—the term for the minerals suspended from the vaults or roofs of subterranean caverns, and formed by the dripping waters from within.

to escape observation; however, even in a happier clime, amongst a fairer race, his appearance, displaying more than earthly beauty, could not fail to attract the eye. For days he wandered over these wide plains, where no trace of a path, none of the abodes of men, appeared; but the Immortal felt no weariness. At last he saw, at some distance, smoke arise. Approaching, Argalya found some wretched jurtas, made by expanding the skins of animals over and between four posts. No domestic animals could be seen, no orchards surrounded them, no neighbourly intercourse appeared to shew civilized habits. Argalya entered one of them; a figure scarcely human in its appearance, wrapt up in skins and blackened by smoke, crept forward, and when he stood upright, Argalya with difficulty recognised a native of the earth in the misshapen being before him. But more astonished still did the Samojede fall on his knees before the noble-looking stranger, to adore in him something superhuman. Argalya inquired of the savage the name of the country, its present and former condition; but the Samojede stared at him with surprise, and could not answer one of his questions. Argalya left him, and went from jurta to jurta: everywhere the same wretchedness, the same want of intelligence, and of all that which alone gives existence its value. He thought of plans and dreams which he nourished in his youth. "Oh what a race!" he exclaimed, mournfully; "how deeply fallen!"

At last his inquiries led him to a grey-headed man, a chief among his people; but even there, at first, fear and surprise prevented all communication. Argalya saw that this race was not capable of an intercourse with the Immortal. With the greatest difficulty he induced the old man to answer his questions—and what did he learn? The history of this unhappy people was already enveloped in obscurity, since the last scarcely expired century. Compelled to the hardest toils, to procure a scanty subsistence from their unyielding soil, they had not troubled themselves about what had happened out of their own village, or in times past and gone. Among their oldest people, however, there were still some traditions which spoke of a happy life in these regions—of better times, when the sun disappeared for a few hours only—when no snow covered the fields, and a happier race lived with little toil, in perpetual joy and pleasure; but at last their vices offended the Deity, and fearful inundations destroyed the sinful beings.

Argalya sighed deeply—"And when, when is it believed that this occurred?"

"It is difficult," the old man answered, "to calculate the exact time from mere verbal tradition. We know nothing but what, by relation, has descended from father to son; but, on the other side of yon mountains and deserts, towards the south, there lives a wiser people, in a more congenial clime; they possess the art to communicate their ideas, by means of lines and figures, so that what they wish to express, they can make lasting: and all who look at their signs understand the meaning. These my father happened to be with, in his earliest youth. Oh! I should have to speak for days if I told thee all the wonders he there did see. They have got

long skins, prepared in a strange manner, and palm leaves, all covered with such lines and figures, from which they know every thing that ever has occurred, and so they told my father, that more than a thousand years had passed since that dreadful inundation had destroyed the earth."

"More than a thousand years!" Argalya repeated, with a secret shuddering. His recollection flew back over that immense space of time. "Oh! my Azora, where is thy dust?" he again exclaimed. The old man looking surprised at him. Argalya composed himself; he thanked his entertainer kindly for the information he had given him—offered him a gift, such as the Immortals only have to bestow, and vanished. The Samojede fell delighted on his knees, to adore the disappearing genius.

Argalya flew back to the rock of the Altai, where he again, in a dark cave, sunk into benumbing meditations, and no other thought prevailed on his mind than the one of the immense rift which separated him from all he had ever cherished. By degrees, all which had passed revived in his memory, and the charming images of his youth stood lively and fresh before his mind.

* * * * *

In the beginning of all, when the young earth issued from the hands of her Creator, hailed by the other planets as a sister and a playfellow, the earth was not as now, divided by the chilling changes of cold and heat, but a perpetual spring bloomed everywhere around. The sun rose in equal altitude over the world, and darkness and light returned at fixed hours. Everywhere prevailed joyfulness, innocence, and tranquillity. Many beings of a higher nature, gifted by the Creator with various powers and faculties, guarded and supported the order of the whole. Some ruled the tempests, the rains, thunder and lightning; others kept the fire subject to their will; those ordered the course of rivers and streams; these reigned over the flood and tide of the oceans. A great number worked in the bowels of the earth, and many again were entrusted with ruling over the various kinds of living animals. In this manner they were placed upon different steps of strength, intelligence and power. Two spirits were placed above the rest, Argalya and Divaconta: the former as supreme ruler over the fire and the air, the latter over the earth and waters. Under their command stood the innumerable army of subordinate spirits; but they themselves, equal in power, although vastly different in their views and intentions, were subject only to the Creator, and his all-wise, all-beneficent law. The human race, then likewise flourishing strong and beautiful, lived under their kind protection, and had often immediate intercourse with their guardian spirits, who revealed themselves to their cherished wards either visibly or more frequently in dreams and apparitions. Blessed days of innocence and pure enjoyment were then in the ever blooming valleys of Cashmere, as well as in the plains, on the other side of the Altai, as far as the then not yet frozen pole.

It was not uncommon then that a spirit adopted some mortal as a particular favourite; in that

case, their intercourse would become friendlier and more familiar, but always in conformity with their different habits and inclinations. The subordinate genii of Divaconta's power, the spirits of the sluggish earth, of the stagnant waters, of a less elevated nature, were easier attracted by the charm of a terrestrial mistress. The consequence was, that a part of the globe was soon inhabited by a powerful race of giants and semi-gods, the offspring of such connections. Not so the spirits of Argalya: formed of noble mould, and living in the stirring air, in the purifying flame, they sought, through spiritual intercourse with such mortals they found worthy of their choice, to purify them of human weakness and imperfection, and then to elevate them to their own station. Still there are, with some people, traditions of a world long passed away, more or less rude, or refined, of the greater unfolding of a human mind, through means of its familiar intercourse with beings of a better and higher description. What are yon pleasing dreams of a golden age, of which we find traces in the history of almost every nation? What are the tales of the age of heroes, with the Greek? What so many mythes with the Hindoos? What are they else but a half-extinguished recollection of that blessed state.

But, alas! such happiness was not to last. The offspring of spirits and mortals began soon, in their pride of bodily strength and superiority, to deviate from the path of virtue and righteousness, and abuse that privilege which they had power to enforce. Encouraged by their protecting parents, they grasped at every thing. Innocence, tranquillity, and peace became rare; war commenced; the powerful trod down his vanquished enemy. The good, the virtuous, among whom Argalya's spirits selected their friends, were lost in the savage multitude, or withdrew to the solitude of the most retired spots. Divaconta's empire increased in power, and he began to consider the means how to make it supreme and general, by doing away with his long hated rival, and thus to rule alone and unlimited over the subjected human race, as well as over the spirits of all the elements. The execution of this scheme appeared comparatively easy. Argalya, always engaged with his own sublime ideas and profound speculations, had certainly the appearance of an antagonist but little to be feared, and altogether unsuspecting.

But Argalya was not so unsuspecting; in his breast also glowed an heroic fire; he too felt the charm of power. Not, however, would he attain it through mutiny against a higher throne, from where they both had received their strength; and still less would he owe his elevation to base and degrading treachery. Divaconta's schemes, however, did not escape him; a dreadful futurity opened before his eyes; but he resolved to act, and by the destruction of his dark brooding enemy, to secure at the same time his own power. A splendid object he thought within his reach: the rendering happy the human race, by elevating it, and by firmly establishing the empire of virtue and wisdom, founded upon principles of unalterable truth.

With such intentions did the two rulers over the spirits wander among mortals; the subordi-

nate spirits participated in the views of their masters, and the exertions of both parties consequently opposed each other. The more Divaconta exerted himself to gain mortals over to his standard, by holding out to them power, wealth, and luxury, with the more zeal did Argalya labour to reform them, by pointing out to them the sublimer beauty of true virtue, the proud consciousness of doing right, and the high duty of resisting falsehood and wickedness. Divaconta had loved already more than one beautiful woman; more than one fair maiden had been carried to his subterraneous palaces, without paying the least regard to the tears, to the despair of those he robbed of their most precious treasures. Argalya had always withstood temptations of that kind; the elevated tone of his mind did not permit him to consider human beings as objects for an exclusive attachment; always looking upon the whole race as destined for his tenderest care and love. But, alas! his hour too had come.

It was one of the most beautiful summer evenings, such as only are known in tropic climates; light skies dissolving into purple gauze and edged with gold, floated on the azure blue of heaven; a constant stream of the sweetest perfumes from an orange grove, filled the balmy air, and the plaintive tones of many a nightingale sounded from rose and myrtle trees. Argalya came from beneath a group of palm trees, bending their beautiful crowns towards the refreshing evening breeze, on the edge of a small but crystal clear lake. He felt in that delightful mood which the consciousness of having done good alone can produce; the beauty of the spot attracted him; nature's sweet calmness, after a warm and fertile day, was in delicious harmony with his own feelings; the plaintive tunes of the little plumed songsters, the luxurious fragrance of the blossoms, communicated to his pensive mind an unusual softness, and sitting down on the velvet turf, he fell into a pleasing reverie. Looking upon the lake, he saw reflected in its pure waters the delicate sky and majestic trees. At length a noise awoke him from his dream, and looking up, he saw a female figure come forward from beneath the trees; she was dressed plain and chaste in snowy white, which reached to her feet; leading a beautiful boy by the hand, she walked down to the beach, in playful and fond conversation with the child. Argalya's eyes followed her, first out of involuntary curiosity, then he observed something noble in her carriage and walk; he heard her soft voice and well chosen expressions; now he became attentive, and felt a wish to see her features. She had, meanwhile, reached a corner of the lake, where she sat down with the boy, and threw back her veil. Argalya saw a regular and very delicate face, overhung by rich dark tresses; he observed her large gazelle eyes, moving languid and calm between the long, dark, and silky lashes; the velvet cheek was scarcely dyed by a rose tint, and pearl teeth now appeared and then vanished again behind small but beautifully shaped lips of the brightest coral. Argalya had to confess, that he had seen many women more beautiful, but none more lovely. That which attracted him most was the chaste dignity, the

virgin modesty, which her every movement expressed.

"Whoever the mortal is," he mentally exclaimed, "who calls you lovely being his—whose name is pronounced with affection and love by those lips, by that voice—who may read his happy fate in those dark speaking eyes, truly is to be envied!" Argalya was still wholly engaged with these pleasing thoughts, when a large tiger approached the lake. With a cry of horror the female started up, caught the boy in her arms and would have fled; but her cry had attracted the animal's attention; it perceived her and drew back to pounce on his prey. Unable to fly, she threw her child towards a shrubbery, calling out to him to run for his life, and now awaiting her terrific death. At this moment her dreadful enemy sunk, his heart pierced by an arrow, lifeless at her feet, and a youth, holding a bow in his hand, came forward from beneath the trees.

Trembling and deadly pale, she stood like a beautiful image of timidity, and could not yet believe in her safety, notwithstanding the ocular proof at her feet. The youth advanced and addressed her; she lifted her eyes and saw a divine figure standing before her; a faint cry escaped her lips, and she would have fled again, but in the mildest terms he entreated her to remain. The sound of his voice, as also the sight of the beautiful stranger, made at that very moment a deep impression on her heart. She recollected herself: she now remembered that it must be him who had killed the tiger, and saved her life, that she owed him her gratitude. She returned, would have spoken, when again she beheld that majestic and still soft eye, those noble features of more than earthly beauty, and her tongue remained immovable. Argalya understood that silence; it afforded him more than eloquent gratitude could do. He too was surprised by his feelings; he held her hand in his, he saw into her eyes, which sunk before his ardent looks; he threw his arm around her, and she sunk on his heart. It was a moment in which two congenial spirits united into one—a sacred moment, where two pure souls, recognizing each other, drew close together, not to part again for eternity to come. Slowly at last did the beautiful woman raise her head; Argalya's looks met hers; he saw there a heaven of love and purity reflected; through those clear crystals he could see to the bottom of her heart, and there read all she felt for him.

"Who art thou, lovely creature?" said the youth at last.

"They call me Azora, and Abdallah is my father; our house and grounds lay yonder on the coast."

"And who is thy husband?"

Blushing y replied Azora, "I have none; I am a maiden."

"A maiden!" Argalya exclaimed, with delighted looks: "not married!—and this child?"

"He is my brother."

"Thy brother, and thou wouldst have met that fearful death to save him! Oh, heavenly Azora, I love thee! thou must be mine!"

Azora drew back. "Who art thou, youth,

that canst make me such an aweful, the first moment thou beholdest me?"

Argalya had forgotten that her appearance was only mortal, but now he felt it by a well deserved rebuke.

"Pardon, Azora, this too abrupt confession, which admiration for thy virtues, and the ardent wish to call thee mine, tore from my heart. I am called Coswanda; my home is on yon mountains. If thou canst not return my affections, consent at least sometimes to see me."

Azora blushed again, and remained silent; but only for a few moments. There was something in her mind, which made every dissimulation towards that youth impossible. She raised her beautiful dark eyes to his, held out her hand to him and said:

"I love thee, Coswanda; I cannot conceal it! Thou art the first man that has ever inspired me with such sentiments, and I feel that I never can love another. Come with me to my father."

Coswanda replied by pressing her hand to his heart. One single moment had decided his fate. That heavenly being, whose energetic mind had hitherto been solely devoted to the exaltation of mankind, without one selfish thought, acknowledged that a tenderness, unfelt before, had taken possession of his inmost soul; that he had become subject to a mere mortal, and felt bound to the lovely girl to all eternity. But then these feelings were so new, so sweet, so transporting, that he never, even for a moment, had the feeblest desire to regain his former freedom. They now commenced their way homeward. Azora gave one hand to her companion, with the other she guided the boy. It had become almost dark; briars and the roots of trees made their walk difficult; Argalya supported his beloved friend, and gently led her steps; this situation had never before had charms for the Immortal, but he now regretted every step that drew them nearer to their destination. Leaving the grove, they came on the sea shore, and beheld, through the twilight, the extensive and splendid dwelling of Abdallah.

"That is our home," said Azora, pointing it out to her companion.

"That!" replied Argalya: "alas! probably thy father is wealthy then, and powerful?"

"So they say," answered the maiden; "our camels drink out of a hundred wells, and our whole people honour my father and follow his counsel."

"But I am poor," Coswanda said, after a short pause; "my father is an obscure hunter in the mountains: will thine receive me with kindness?"

"What! thee, who saved his child! Oh! thou knowest not my father."

During this conversation they had reached the house. Beneath an arbour of fragrant jessamine, upon cushions of the richest silks, they found the old man, sunk in pious meditations, from which their steps aroused him. He saw his children approach with the stranger, and influenced by his commanding appearance, rose to receive him with due respect. Azora threw herself in his arms, and told him her danger, her escape. With tears of the purest delight, Abdallah embraced his children and the courageous stran-

ger, requesting the latter to divide with him all he possessed. The manner in which Coswanda received these expressions of gratitude from his new friends, produced with them strange feelings, partaking both of affection and reverence.

From that moment Coswanda was considered, in Abdallah's house, as an honoured and highly welcome guest. The cultivated mind of the father found ample satisfaction in his intercourse with the stranger; the boy attached himself to Coswanda with infantile partiality, and Azora's heart had been his from that memorable moment in which their eyes had first met, and every subsequent conversation increased his influence over her pure unsophisticated mind. Her happiness, her tranquillity, her life, depended upon him. In Coswanda's presence only did she exist; his voice alone resounded in her heart; his features were ever present to her; all the rest in her mind was nothing.

But not in expressions of mutual love and tenderness alone did their hours glide away. Coswanda became Azora's instructor; he opened her eyes to the wonder of the creation, and elevated her soul from the contemplation of the wise order which rules this world, to the adoration of Him who created all things, above and below. He made her susceptible for a presentiment of a mysterious connection with the world of spirits, and encouraged her to hope that she, through virtue and purity of mind, might elevate herself by degrees to that higher sphere. Azora hung in breathless attention upon every syllable, and if any thing could disturb her for a moment, it was the tone of voice in which he pronounced these divine doctrines: it was, perhaps, the animation of his features, uniting in them every charm of dignity and mildness.

In this manner passed days and months. Azora did not conceal her affection, and could never imagine that Coswanda's want of riches could be an objection to their union. Abdallah was intelligent and kind; he loved his daughter dearly, but he knew the world, and set a high value upon inheritable wealth and the age of his family, which for many centuries had been distinguished for virtue and honour, and had given more than one ruler to the people. He spoke to Azora about her attachment, who avowed it frankly; he dismissed her silently. Then he asked Coswanda to state to him his prospects, his connections; the youth was from a noble but obscure family, a stranger in that country, and without any property. Argalya retired and spoke himself to Azora, about the necessity of their separation. She would not listen to such a proposal; she would belong to him alone, and would fly with him to his mountains. He named her father, her aged father, and the anguish she would occasion him. Azora was silent. Argalya then represented to her the virtues of self-denial, the greatness of a mind which will conquer its passions, so glowingly, that she, convinced and overcome, at last held out her hand to him and exclaimed, faintly, "Thou hast prevailed; submission is my highest duty; but live I cannot without thee: fare thee well!" and she sunk lifeless at his feet. Argalya, delighted by the conviction of thus being beloved, but still more by such proof of his friend's

being worthy of his affection, pressed his lips upon hers. The Immortal's breath recalled her spirits; she opened her eyes, but, alas! he had vanished. Her women hastened to her assistance; she recovered under their careful hands, but her happiness was destroyed. Alone did she seek the most solitary spots, but no complaint, no murmur passed her lips. In Coswanda all was lost to her; life had no charm more, youth no joy. She had only one wish remaining: to conceal from her father the misery that bowed her youth to the grave; she could not, however, sufficiently master her expressive features to mislead his paternal eye; he saw and felt for her.

Divaconta knew every movement of his hated enemy, and was consequently informed of Argalya's affection for Azora, from the commencement. He was pleased with it; he looked upon it as a fresh source for idle dreams, which would make Argalya still less dangerous. But then Argalya left his mistress soon again, and Divaconta heard that she lingered in misery and wretchedness on account of their separation. Surprise and curiosity made him wish to inquire into the true motives of Argalya's strange conduct; for he himself could not believe him capable of inconstancy or deceit. One beautiful morning he passed, in the guise of a young hunter, through the palm grove on the lake, followed by a splendid retinue. He found easily an excuse to enter Abdallah's garden, where he found the venerable old man engaged with superintending the various occupations of his domestics, and was received with all possible hospitality. Slaves, richly dressed, placed a table of costly wood under the shade of tall sycamores; others brought rich carpets and cushions, and a light but choice repast was spread before him. But the object of his curiosity was still wanting. Azora did not appear. In the course of conversation, Divaconta found an opportunity to inquire after her; Abdallah sent for his daughter. Divaconta had expected a dazzling beauty, and was therefore surprised when a delicate figure approached with calm dignity, upon whose pallid features deep and ill concealed agony was visible. Azora cast one look on the stranger; she found him very handsome; a splendid dress heightened the dignity of his commanding figure; his dark eyes appeared to lighten; but there was a something in these features which displeased her. She sat down at her father's side, and mixed only so far in their conversation as decency seemed to require. At first Divaconta felt inclined to smile at Argalya's taste, but he looked frequently at her during the repast, and a new charm appeared to unfold at every look. He found, by degrees, that Azora's features were inexpressibly noble—that the expression of her sorrows made her still more attractive—that her large dark eyes looked still more beautiful, contrasted by her pale features; and that the languid expression of those eyes, when now and then she lifted their silken lashes, was lovely beyond expression. He observed, too, the chaste dignity of her carriage and every movement, and finally the sound of her voice, which she, however, during his visit, scarcely raised, made a deep impression upon his mind.

He came to Abdallah's house to gratify an idle curiosity, and left it with the loss of his tranquillity. He parted unwillingly, and repeated his visit soon, which Azora observed with displeasure and her father with satisfaction; for his wealth and noble air had soon gained him Abdallah's esteem. He explained himself after a short time to father and daughter; from the former he obtained hopes, from the latter a decisive refusal of his offer, couched, however, in the most respectful terms. Divaconta was nothing abashed, because he felt convinced whatever might be the state of Azora's sentiments, that his appearing with all his power, and in his true character, would suffice to disperse every idea of a more favoured rival.

One morning the domestics of Abdallah came precipitantly and frightened into the presence of their master, informing him that a procession, the end of which their eyes could not reach, formed by men and animals of most wonderful appearance, was moving over the plain. Abdallah, with his whole household, hastened out to behold the wonder. The procession was led by the spirits of the ocean, mounted on immense sea-horses, sea-lions, and dolphins; those of the streams and rivers came next, dressed in sky blue gauze, and carrying urns and bowls of gold and crystal, which were filled with precious pearls, the finest corals, beautiful shells, and every thing costly and precious the bottom of the ocean and the beds of rivers produced. Then followed, mounted on dragons, crocodiles, gigantic salamanders, and other disgusting and fearful animals which prefer the darkest and dampest abodes, the spirits of the earth, who, in subterraneous mines, smelt the metals, neutralize the ores, lead the rich gold and silver veins through the hard masses of rock, and who, boiling, prepare the fluids which, through volcanoes and earthquakes, give evidence to the alarmed world of their mysterious agency. These latter were mostly of a strange appearance, shaped in nature's most fantastic moulds, disgusting, and often expressive of a malignant tendency. In fanciful baskets of gold and silver work, in boxes inlaid with precious stones and gems, they carried the products of their mines, virgin gold and silver in wonderful formations, and above all, those embodied sunbeams, the flaming diamonds, in all their varieties of colour and light. Upon white elephants the spirits of a higher order appeared now, all noble figures, each one more beautiful than the other, so that the astonished beholder fancied he perceived in every one the king and ruler of the spirits himself. But all this splendour appeared as nothing, compared to the sight of Divaconta, who now approached. Upon a golden car, drawn by four immense mammoths, stood the majestic genius. The sparkling crown, the golden sceptre, the dark blue

robe, worked with precious stones, but still more his majestic figure, far above human size, terrible, though beautiful, announced the ruler; and Azora and her father recognized with very different feelings, in the features of the king of the spirits, those of their new friend. Abdallah threw himself with deep adoration on his face; Azora, alas! fell lifeless in the arms of her women.

The car now stopped, and Divaconta flew from his elevated seat; he raised Abdallah, and after having spoken a few kind words to him, he hastened to Azora, who at that moment opened her eyes, but closed them again with a cry of horror when she saw the sovereignty of the spirits standing before her. She was carried to her apartment, and though Divaconta remained long in anxious suspense for her revival, the messengers of Abdallah constantly returned with the same answer from her women, that she continued in a state of insensibility, and the afflicted father feared he should have to mourn over the loss of his only and beloved daughter. Divaconta mounted at last, gloomy and dissatisfied, his car, not, however, without previously having given, by mysterious hints, Abdallah reason to surmise what he would have to fear, if the wishes of the king of the spirits remained unfulfilled. The procession was now put in motion again, and he disappeared in the forest beyond the plain.

Azora now began to recover, and impatiently inquired if all had been a long and fearful dream. Abdallah pressed her joyfully in his arms, assuring her that she actually had seen the sovereign of the spirits, and that she would become his queen and the sharer of all his splendour. She threw herself at her father's feet, and implored him not to sacrifice her. Abdallah answered her in an authoritative manner, and represented the advantages, the honour of such a connection; but she remained silent. He now told her the threats of the angry spirit, and the dangers which unavailably awaited him and his people, if Azora refused to comply with Divaconta's wishes. She shuddered; her father had placed his own and the welfare of thousands in her hand; Coswanda's image stood before her soul,—her heart was broken. With faint and scarcely audible voice she said, "My happiness must not become destruction to thee or thine; I swear to be Divaconta's faithful wife!" Abdallah embraced his daughter now with the utmost joy, and then hurried away to direct the most splendid preparations for the nuptial solemnities.

Supported by one of her women, Azora walked—no, tottered, about sunset towards the lake, where she the first time had seen Coswanda. The evening was as fine as that never to be forgotten one; the same calmness, the same brilliancy of sky. She sat down on the aromatic turf; from beneath yon tall trees had the beloved of her soul appeared; here his eye had met hers, here his silver voice avowed his feelings; her tears mixed with the dew drops that hung on the violets covering her seat. She addressed herself in ardent prayer to the Creator, whom to adore and to love Coswanda so convincingly had taught her, and implored him to let her die, as she would become neither faithless or disobedient. In this state she remained for some time,

† Mammoths—immense animals of the antediluvian world, the bones of which still occasionally are found in Siberia, on the Arctic Sea, and upon some rivers in North America. The two finest entirely preserved skeletons of these giants of the forest, is one at St. Petersburg, at the Imperial Academy of Sciences' collection, the other at the Philadelphia Museum of Mr. Peale.

and in the exhaustion of her strength, she thought with joy that death, which to her brought no terrors, was approaching. Suddenly a voice, which made her tremble, pronounced her name. She started—Coswanda stood before her. She flew into his arms; at that moment all, all was forgotten! but, alas! too soon returned the consciousness of her misery; she tore herself from his arms: “Oh! fly, fly, my beloved!” she exclaimed: “we must part forever and ever, and thou art lost if that dreadful being finds thee here!”

“Azora,” the youth replied with tender voice, “my Azora! banish those fears; we shall not part!”

She looked doubtfully at him, not understanding what he meant to express.

“Oh, my beloved!” she exclaimed at last, “thou knowest not what has happened to thy poor Azora! thou knowest not the dreadful Divaconta!”

“I know all,” Argalya answered, “and I know that thou art mine. Come to my heart, noble, virtuous being, we are united forever! learn to know better the friend that adores thee; he is not the obscure hunter from yon mountains, not the poor stranger—he is”—during these words Argalya’s figure had become taller and more majestic; celestial sublimity and a smile of eternal calmness was expressed in his features; golden wings, glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, unfolded themselves from his shoulders; a crown of the purest flames pressed his light brown curls; a mild fire beamed from his blue eyes; his cheeks glowed with Aurora’s tint, and an overpowering splendour streamed from his whole being.

“Who art thou? Oh! who art thou?” exclaimed Azora, and sunk blinded, senseless at his feet.

Reviving, she found herself in Argalya’s arms, who exerted himself with tender care to restore her to calmness. It was still the form of the resplendent genius, only softer, and moulded in a more human shape of beauty, so that the eyes of his beloved might bear the sight of him she adored. Azora beheld him with astonishment; she now recollected with what dazzling brilliancy he had appeared to her a few moments before. She disengaged herself from his arms, and sinking down at his feet in silent delight, folded her hands before him.

“My Azora! my beloved!” Argalya exclaimed, and bending down to his kneeling friend, he raised her joyfully up in his arms. “Come to my breast! I am not Coswanda, the poor hunter, Azora; I am the supreme ruler over the air and fire! I adore thee, and will repay that faith which thou hast preserved for the poor Coswanda.”

“And Divaconta?” Azora cried with agony.

Fear nothing, my beloved; I am at least as powerful as he is, and—let him try to tear thee from my heart! Argalya’s eyes sparkled fearfully at these words, and Azora hid her timid face on his bosom. “Be composed, darling of my soul, in my arms thou hast nothing to fear,” said he, raising her head. “Listen to me! I never did love; the most beautiful geni, the handsomest daughters of the human race, failed to inspire me with that feeling. I beheld thee!

Thy modest charms, still more thy virtues, changed my destiny. Thou didst love me from the first moment. I desired to know if thy feelings for me would be lasting; thou wast obedient to the voice of duty when she gave thee her commands through my lips; thou didst part from me, but not I from thee!—I could not!” he added, pressing her with a look of ardent love to his heart. “In dreams, which often dried thy tears, and which were not so void as thou then thought, I hovered near thee; I stood before thee when sleep held captive thy external vision; and now my rival came; thy father pressed thee hard; thou wast once more obedient to the stern commands of duty; and wouldst have sacrificed thyself for the welfare of others. I saw thee towards evening seek the well remembered spot, dedicated to the recollections of our first endearments; I followed thee unseen; I heard thy prayer, I saw thy tears—oh, my Azora! how blessed the conviction of thy worth has made me! Thou art mine, not as with men, for a few rapid years—no! for eternity! and no power can divorce us!”

Azora was overcome by such unlooked for bliss; she could not speak, could not find words to express her feelings to her beloved friend, but he understood her silent delight; their eyes met, and the union of their souls was once more confirmed.

On her return to her father, she informed him of Argalya’s re-appearance and true character, and, secure by his protection, she now entreated her father’s consent to her rejecting the dreadful rival. Abdallah listened to her with astonishment and secret fear. If the certitude of his cherished daughter, being beloved by the two most powerful beings of this globe, filled him with pride, one thought again upon the consequences which probably would result from this rivalry, and the misfortunes which might arise from it to him and his people, made him foresee and fear a horrid and eventful futurity. Argalya again visited Azora. Their happiness had no bounds. Divaconta, meanwhile, raged over his rival’s good fortune, whom he was anxious to destroy, but over whom he dared not hope to triumph. Too proud to expose himself to be rejected a second time, he avoided Abdallah’s house and fled the country, to brood over his dark schemes for revenge.

The contest begun at first concealed under secret attacks and skirmishes, Divaconta being anxious to excite his enemy and force him from that calm composure which gave him so decided a superiority. Argalya opposed him with tranquil openness, and Divaconta saw that this was not the way to victory. His passions became more inflamed by open opposition; he now tried, on a direct road, to put his schemes into execution. He approached Azora again, but not in his own shape; sometimes in this and soon in another attractive disguise. In many enchanting situations, and under the most romantic circumstances, did he seek to attract her attention and to inspire her with sentiments which necessarily must have weakened her affection for Argalya. But these attempts were also fruitless. For Azora there existed but one being, to whom all her feelings, all her tenderness was due; and

however artfully Divaconta's temptations were invented, they failed upon Azora's noble heart. His rage knew no bounds, and he resolved now what Azora could not perform, power should : and one day when Azora, followed by a few of her women, was walking to the dear grove of palm trees, the earth burst asunder before her feet, two subterraneous spirits rushed upon her and tore her, regardless of her cries, her screams, before the eyes of her women, down with them into the dreadful abyss, which immediately closed again. The women perceived the catastrophe without any means of preventing it, and hastened back with cries of woe to spread the same painful amazement which filled them, throughout Abdallah's house and the whole country.

Argalya's equanimity was now exhausted. The loss of Azora deprived him of all prudence and calmness. Excited by sorrow and anger to the utmost, he now on his side too exerted all the powers at his command to destroy his enemy and regain Azora. All the strength of the elements, of the powerful air, of the all-penetrating fire, was prepared to begin a long and doubtful contest against the equally fearful powers of Divaconta.

Azora had been carried to Divaconta's subterraneous palace. Walls of driven gold surrounded her, hangings in imitation of flowers, composed of the most precious stones, formed the ornaments; transparent draperies of incombustible asbestos,† hung in graceful folds from the ceiling down to the floor, which, in a beautiful mosaic of onyx, jasper, porphyry, and emeralds, imitated the green turf in all its variety of blooming spring. The purest naphtha* burned in large urns of alabaster, and dispersed a soft moon-like light. Delicious music sounded from behind the walls, and voluptuous perfumes, which lulled the excited nerves into a treacherous calmness, issued constantly from beautifully worked silver censers. Azora saw nothing of all this; her senses had fled from the moment of her abduction; she recovered late, and found herself on the purple silk carpets in Divaconta's unhallowed abode, surrounded by serving spirits in female shape and in the richest attire. She rose and looked around; her eyes fell upon the ruler of these spirits, who knelt at her feet in all his splendour and beauty, sufficient to captivate every disengaged heart. With a cry of horror she started up and made a movement to fly. Divaconta's anger began to kindle; he drew her forcibly back, and was on the point of punishing the ungrateful being by causing the downfall of the whole beautiful fabric, and burying her beneath its walls. His foot was already lifted to give the deadly signal, when her frightened looks turned upon him; she held her hands imploringly up to him; from her white arms fell the beautiful drapery of her ample robe; she sank on her knees and begged him, with burning tears, to take her back to her father. Divaconta re-

mained irresolute before her. Hatred and love, revenge and compassion, contended in his bosom. He raised her, his arms encircled that beautiful slender form: "No!" he exclaimed, with a voice that shook the very palace and made Azora tremble—"no! I cannot resign thee—thou must, thou wilt be mine." She remained silent, her resolution was taken; she made no attempt again to soften a being by her entreaties whose heart appeared closed against every nobler feeling. Divaconta exerted all his artifice to induce her to speak; she did not open her lips again, and he left her at last in dispair.

When she found herself alone she drew her veil close around her, and, enveloping herself entirely, closed her eyes against all which surrounded her, and sat apparently tranquil; but, oh! her mind suffered torments of sorrow and fear, and was the very reverse of that tranquillity she fain would have affected. No exertions of the surrounding spirits, no music, no dances which they performed to distract her, won one look, or induced her to break that silence which she had imposed upon herself. She took no food, —no slumber closed her eyes.

Divaconta had no faith, neither in constancy nor human strength of mind. He tried all; either to persuade or overpower her, neither prayers nor threats had any effect; but her strength began to fail; she became weaker from hour to hour, and with an indescribable delight she nourished a hope that death would soon deliver and unite her to the beloved of her soul, in transplanting her to a more congenial existence. She was sunk in such reveries when at once a dreadful clap of thunder shook the very foundation of the palace; the naphtha lamps were extinguished, a fearful darkness prevailed, which now and then changed momentary with a blueish light, caused by vivid flashes of lightning; a hurricane roared, the walls trembled, their foundation shook; flames broke through from all sides, and Divaconta's spirits flew frightened away. At last the walls burst and, enveloped in flames, appeared Argalya, took the lifeless Azora in his arms and lifted himself without difficulty from the ruins into higher regions, where the heavier spirits of his enemy could not follow.

But the strength of Azora gave way to this new trial; she moved not, she scarcely breathed. With the anguish of love Argalya held her in his arms, and now first recollected that his fierce appearance was more calculated to solve the ties of her mortal existence, than to strengthen them. He lessened the dazzling splendour of his crown, and the terrors which surrounded him; his celestial breath touched her lips. She opened her eyes, gave a piercing scream, and threw her arm in agony around his neck, as if seeking for safety with him alone.

"Be calm, my Azora," he now said, with his mellow voice, which tranquillized and penetrated her soul; "we are safe; thou hast no more to fear."

She raised her head, and looking around found herself with her beloved friend in a car of burnished silver, drawn by four milk-white unicorns, who, spreading their splendid coloured wings, and armed with a golden horn on their heads,

† Asbest, or mountain flax—a fossil, of which the Egyptians understood to make an incombustible web, or thin cloth.

* Naphtha—a white oleous mineral substance, found in a liquid state, and yielding a beautiful pure flame.

carried them with rapid flight through the skies. She now first began to enjoy her safety. She told Argalya of her sufferings, her resolution to die; his looks beamed with gratitude for her constancy, and then he painted his torments too, when he heard of his rival's success, and gave her a picture of his contest with Divacoata, in which they both had exerted to the utmost the powers at their command. He described to her the war between the two elements, and how fire and air at last had overpowered the heavy earth, and the sluggish water had undermined the very foundation of the mountains, and triumphantly gained their way to her. Azora trembled at this relation.

"And where is my father, my brother?" she asked.

"Already in that safe refuge where I am going to take thee, my beloved," Argalya answered; "where your abode stood there is no longer safety for you; it has gone too far between Divacoata and me. In the midst of a war between the elements and their spirits, the mortal race cannot exist!" he added, gloomily.

"Oh, heavens! what dost thou mean?"

"Do not inquire, my Azora; thou and those thou lovest are safe; the rest leave to me and to Him who rules over all!"

Azora was silent; she had accustomed herself to pay unlimited obedience to the mere hints of her celestial friend, because she knew, she felt convinced, that all he did and wished was noble, was good, and being now perfectly calm, she exerted herself to shew him her delight and happiness, on account of their re-union, by the most affectionate tenderness.

Their flight was a long one; far beneath them they saw many an empire and sea; at length the land disappeared altogether, and the endless ocean spread before them. Towards evening they discerned a dark object on the surface of the water; it became more distinct and larger; it was land. The unicorns directed their flight towards it, and, lowering them, the car stopped. Azora was on the island Atlantis.† A beautiful country, the extent of which her eyes could not reach, lay before her. Strangely shaped trees covered the beach; beautiful clear rivalets fell, in picturesque cascades, down from the grass-covered mountains, which lined the shore; flowers, of the most brilliant colours, ornamented the velvet turf, and birds and animals, in the greatest variety of shape and colour, enlivened the airy groves.

"This is my abode," said Argalya, lifting Azora from the car and leading her towards a cheerful-looking cottage, which stood half concealed by tall magnolia and palm trees. Abdallah and his son hastened into her arms; the delight at

beholding again the objects so dear to her heart, made her forget the anguish she had suffered, the dangers she had undergone. Argalya felt the sweetest pleasure in the happiness of his friends, but higher duties called him to other spheres, and at length, therefore, mounting his silver car, he vanished from their eyes.

When the first transports of joy had subsided, and given place to calmer considerations, fearful presentiments and cares troubled the minds of those Argalya had left behind. Neither Abdallah nor Azora could conceal from themselves that the dreadful contest between the two spirits would produce the most terrible consequences to the earth, to themselves, and, finally, to Argalya. Their time passed solitary and gloomy. In vain did the most beautiful nature, which smiled in eternal tranquillity and peace, invite them to its calm delights; in vain did the neighbouring cities and palaces offer them the joys of social intercourse,—their hearts were depressed by gloomy forebodings—their thoughts incessantly occupied with their distant country, and the dreadful fate which, in all probability, awaited its inhabitants. Azora suffered still more than her father; she had never yet been parted so long from Argalya—from the being upon whose welfare her own depended. She did not believe herself capable of bearing this wretched half existence, and when she recalled to her mind the expression of gloomy pensiveness which she had observed on his majestic forehead, at their last meeting, an indescribable anguish increased her sorrow, and caused her to suffer a perpetual agony.

Many, many solitary days passed, and Azora faded visibly; the source of life seemed exhausted, the animating spark on the point of extinction; but she exerted herself, nevertheless, to hide from her beloved father the presentiments which tormented her. He, however, clearly observed her state, and not having it in his power to give her relief and comfort, he could only sympathize and suffer with her. None dared give speech to his feelings, and, by expressing his own sorrows, provoke those of his companion. One evening, after they, in this silent anxiety of heart, had sat together some time, Abdallah retired to the cottage, to seek on his solitary couch that rest which he scarcely dared hope to obtain. Azora remained alone; in the light of a bright full moon, which illuminated the beautiful scenery, she sat, enjoying the solitary hour, in which nothing prevented her from giving free course to her sorrows, her anguish, when suddenly the beloved of her soul stood before her! She started up with the most exquisite delight, and incapable of speaking, she took his hand, the sweetest tears of joy breaking from her eyes. But when she looked more intently upon him, she shrunk tremblingly back: vanished had the celestial calmness which, in former days, beamed from his features—the expression of heavenly blessedness was no more. Gloomy and sad he fixed his feeble gaze upon Azora, and remained silent; her tongue, too, seemed bound by a spell.

"Azora," he began at last, in a hollow voice, "great events await us. Now I must see if the friendship of an Immortal has strengthened, has moved thy mind sufficiently to partake with-

† Atlantis—an island, according to several ancient classics, situated beyond (west) the Pillars of Hercules, (Straits of Gibraltar). Many wonderful stories are told of its beauty and fertility. It was, according to their opinion, destroyed by a great volcanic revolution, and the present Azoric Islands would seem to be its ruins. Plineus secundus, Ptolomæus, and even the much later Marco di Polo, mention it; but from whence these authors obtained their information is impossible to discover.

out bending in his sorrows and his cares. Probably I am lost!"

Azora grew deadly pale, and remained like a beautiful statue, with fixed eyes and half open lips before him. He took her hands in his, and from the dark clouds which covered his forehead broke one beam of calm refreshing tenderness, like that of former days.

"My poor Azora!" said he, and she sunk, at these words, on his breast, bathed in tears.

"Only not parted from thee!" she cried, in agony, "all, all, but that I will—I can bear!"

He pressed her tenderly to his heart. "Listen to me, my beloved, and prove, by thy fortitude and firmness, that my choice of a friend was just and blameless. Thou art aware of my power, and that of my enemy. Upon this planet, which you call earth, there is none above us; but even we are subject to Him who has created us, as well as thee, the world of spirits and the race of men, and rules us according to eternal laws of the highest wisdom and supreme goodness. Sparks of his all-enthining spirit animate us—you and every thinking being, only in different gradations as to purity and strength. Reason and freedom of will, are our most precious faculties. My will was pure! So at least I thought. Fintended good! but even the purest spirits are not infallible in the eyes of Him! Remember it, Azora, and watch the more carefully over thy mortal heart! I was carried away by passion—passion for thee, and ambition after power, which concealed itself, without my at first discovering it, behind the brilliant vision of laying the foundation of a world composed of nothing but what is good and noble. I have gone too far! Excited by Divaconta's pride and arbitrary selfishness, I called powers to my assistance which cannot be put into motion without causing the downfall of the whole. Divaconta opposed me with similar arms; the foundation of this globe is shook; fearful events must be expected; I feel that I was wrong, and that very feeling is the beginning of my punishment—the continuation of it will be, that I have no power left to retract, to repair what has been done. One trial remains, which must decide my own, Divaconta's, and the fate of this planet; if I lose it, we are separated for ever! if I triumph, then thy and my happiness is again at the mercy of the Almighty, who is our Judge and our Father! And now farewell! we shall soon, or—never meet again!"

Azora had exerted all her strength to listen to the dreadful account, with that firmness which Argalya expected and claimed from her. His last sentence, however, tried her to the utmost; her eyes became dim, her pulses ceased to beat; she leaned faintly on the stem of a palm tree. Argalya read the state of her mind; he saw the force she exerted to conceal it. He threw his arm around her. "My Azora—my beloved friend—my sister!" he exclaimed, and these sounds would have recalled her from the grave! The fresh consciousness of being so beloved by that being, renewed her vigour. She turned her again beaming eyes upon him, and that look told him all she felt.

"Put thy trust in the Eternal, hope for his commiseration and mercy, when he sees my

true and sincere repentance. I have erred! But He is the father of us all! Farewell! farewell!" He dissolved in light, his voice re-echoed once more, and Azora was alone.

Argalya returned to another hemisphere, to try, as he had informed Azora, the last dreadful contest with Divaconta, who, meanwhile, had neglected nothing to prepare all the strength of the spirits and elements at his command, and Argalya found him ready for the trial. It begun! No combat as men with arms and engines of war, such as mortals invent to supply their limited strength—no! a fearful trial of powers which move and maintain the planet—a contest which threatened to dissolve the very bindings of the earth—to precipitate the whole into dreadful ruins, and reduce it to the dark chaos which it was before the beginning of all! The elements were in tumult; from the centre of the earth broke volcanic flames, peaks of mountains fell down, dams of oceans broke, floods inundated the countries, rocks burst by subterraneous fires, and the waters from the mountains lift their beds and precipitated themselves over fertile valleys, destroying every thing before them. Hurricanes uprooted the forests, and threw down all which opposed their rage; the poles trembled, the axis of the earth shivered, the clouds were in motion, discharging torrents, alone sufficient to cause destruction. The despairing race of men poured their lamentations up to the wild roaring firmament; but were destroyed in floods or in flames. At last the Eternal Ruler of All threw his thunderbolts. He precipitated Divaconta, with his spirits, into the immeasurable abyss, and Argalya sunk, stunned, into the cave of the Altai. Thus was that period of the world at an end. The face of the earth was created anew, the direction of its axis altered; the beams of the sun fell in different gradations; the poles froze—eternal snow and ice replaced fertile fields; animal species were extinct; new men and geniuses created; green savannahs changed into wide oceans; and on mountains, which have been islands, the astonished naturalist will find the petrified remains of animals now the inhabitants of lakes. Beneath those wide sheets of water, our present oceans, are buried empires and flourishing cities; the tall masted vessel sails unconsciously above the former abodes of men. And, finally, the new human race was far different from what it had been, of which again we find traces in the traditions of almost every nation.

* * * * *

This is the history of times before the passed Milleniums, which, after his awakening in the first hours of dark and gloomy recollection, ran through Argalya's thoughts. All was re-awakened in his mind, and re-awakened with that strength of which immortal beings alone are susceptible, and with which they alone can conceive times passed and gone; his blissful youth, his love for Azora, her tenderness and pure affection, her anguish at their separation, but also his own wrongs, he remembered, and what evils he had been the author of when influenced by passion. Thus, with feelings of the deepest repentance, he sunk down before the Almighty, and invoked his forgiveness. The prayers of

the immortal spirit reached the throne of the Deity, and the sacrifice of his repentant heart was not rejected.

A tranquillised feeling, a slight return of that heavenly calmness, which once had blessed him, began again to lighten his soul. He shook off the gloomy sadness which had weighed him down since he awoke in the Altai, and which every new object he saw had increased, but now only a calm feeling of sorrow remained. He lifted himself from the rock where his gloomy thoughts at first began, and where, finally, his prayer for forgiveness arose, and spreading his golden wings, he commenced his journey to examine the earth in its new formation, and to become acquainted with the human race, such as inhabit the present globe.

His flight was first directed towards the region where Abdallah's house had stood, where, for the first time, he had seen Azora in the never to be forgotten palm grove. None but the eyes of an immortal could, after thousands and thousands of years, have found out and recognized that spot. A wide sandy plain spread before his sight; no sea or lake,† as in former days, could be discover. On the treeless desert he observed tents, here and there, ingeniously composed of felt. A race of human beings, much smaller and less endowed with beauty than the natives of the former earth, but strong and brawny, led here a monadic life, and numerous *herds* (droves) of horses, the only property of these tribes, which afford them food, drink, and clothing, grazed around their dark abodes. Argalya sighed, and directed his flight slowly towards the setting sun. There new countries, extensive empires, which he had never beheld before, and a more congenial air recalled again sorrowful and still sweet reminiscences to his mind. Here again he beheld the graceful crown of palms, bending to the balmy breeze, and here sweet perfumes rose from orange and myrtle groves; on flowery turfs, in airy groves, he saw a race more approaching in beauty to the beings of a former age. Their mode of life was more congenial, more luxurious, and in harmony with the clime they enjoyed; magnificent palaces were their abodes, or the poorer earned in aromatic fields and evergreen woods an easy existence. But as much as this race surpassed that which he had left behind on the deserted plains, in beauty of body and mind, it was still far below those human beings among which Argalya had spent the days of his youth.

† There can be little doubt that the Caspian Sea extended much farther to the east as well as to the west in former times, and communicated with the Black Sea. A dreadful revolution, probably of a volcanic nature, may have burst the rock dam, which connected Asia and Europe, and have formed the present Bosphorus. The Black got thus an outlet into the Ægean Sea, the mass of waters inundated the countries around, and tore the narrow earth-tongues asunder. In this mode the separation of Sicily from Italy, and of Europe from Africa, may be explained. This decreased, of course, the quantity of water in Asia, and salt meadows and sea shells evince the former existence of sea at a considerable distance from the Caspian Sea and Lake Arak, which both, as the lowest places of the country, continued to be filled with, as it will be recollected, salt water.

He floated onward in the same direction. Now the shore of an entirely new world lay beneath him; first he discerned a new ocean, and with astonishment he saw former mountains of a large continent, the shape and appearance whereof was still clear in his recollection, shew their heads above the waters of the Archipelagos, as larger and smaller islands, fertile and flourishing, and inhabited by a cheerful and gay race of men. He flew farther and still farther towards the west, to the ever dear Atlantis, the place where he had deposited that treasure which he had valued far above existence itself. Now he floated above Europe's utmost point. Here also he saw formidable traces of his own and Divacont's rage, and how all was torn and altered. The ocean flooded here between two worlds, and formed straits where once had been mountains. Argalya groaned, but still he proceeded, almost with fear and reluctance; no land, however, appeared to his far stretched vision. All around, as far as immortal eye could reach, nothing could now be discerned but the blue waves of the ocean, limited only by dipping skies.

Gloomy and sad, he was returning, when, near a far extended coast towards the south, he saw a group of small islands dispersed. Argalya learned their name, and the name of the ocean upon the surface of which they floated. Astonished and deeply affected, he found in empty sounds a secret recollection of his lost happiness. These islands were the remainder of the Atlantis, which, unknown how, had preserved the name of Azora.

Wearied, he let himself down here on a rock projecting into the ocean. Once more times that were gone went painfully through his mind. The image of Azora appeared upon the dark blue wave; she seemed to hold her arms imploringly towards him, she gazed at him with her beautiful gazelle eye, which so often had rested upon him in love and tenderness; now she pronounced his name with her sweet and mellow voice.

"Oh! where art thou?" he exclaimed, mournfully. "Buried in the waves of this ocean, which long ago have dissolved, annihilated every trace, every particle of thy dear remains!"

"And the divine spark, which animated that lovely form, that exquisite tone of feeling, which, although restrained by outward impressions, by human errands, still was capable of understanding, of sympathising with mine?—that pure spirit which, even when still in its mortal abode, responded to mine, and, conceiving our eternal union, elevated itself already here below, up to my own sphere. Thou canst not be annihilated! Thou must still exist! But where—where dost thou sojourn?—in which space, on what planet is now thy blessed abode?"

"Alas! I feel the curse that weighs me down. Not as clear as formerly does the universe lay before my vision; that also is limited, and—justly so; I have deserved it!"

He sunk once more into gloomy thoughts of

‡ The Grecian and Ionian Islands of the present day.

§ The Straits of Gibraltar.

¶ The Azoric Islands.

remorse. Days, months and years passed again unheeded by him. Deep and sorrowful repentance, before Him he had offended, was the only relief; the only hope he had left.

The eastern as well as the western coast of the Caspian Sea, is inhabited by pious Parsees, adorers of the fire and of the holy and eternal light; the empire of which they believe to promote and increase by every charitable action, if it is only the taking care of an animal, or nursing of a delicate plant.* Such deeds, no matter however trifling they may appear, the Parsees consider as pleasing to Ormuzd, who is, according to their faith, the supreme source of light. Their only object is, to increase and extend his power, and to abolish, or, at least, restrict that of Ahriman, the ruler of darkness and evil. The life and habits of this sect are pure and moral in the extreme, and, on that account, their rites have always been tolerated, and even treated with respect, by the most fanatic Moslems which surround them.

On the west coast of the same sea, in the centre of a number of pits or wells, containing the purest naptia,† the town Bacu is situated. The soil around in its immediate vicinity appears to consist of nothing but inflammable materials. Wherever a hole is dug, flames always rise. At one place a perpetual fire, of a beautiful clear colour is seen, and around this the Parsees kneel in pious devotion, adoring the pure element as the image of all that is good and virtuous, and feel inexpressibly happy by the conviction of being in the immediate vicinity of the power they adore and believe in.

Amongst them, Hashdad was one of the wisest and best. Old in years, he had all his life-time been a zealous promoter of the reign of light by his deeds, always marked by benevolence and charity. In his younger days he had travelled much; and far, had investigated the doctrines of the wisest men, and made himself familiar with the history and religious rites of most eastern nations. Rich in knowledge, and richer still in virtues, he returned to the land of his fathers. His life was a chain of good actions; and a blessing to those that surrounded him; but, alas! it was not a happy one to himself. A beloved wife had shared his tranquil existence. The tempest which laid waste his country, when an ambitious conqueror overwhelmed it with a superior force, subjecting and destroying provinces to which he had no righteous claim, annihilated at the same time the tranquil happiness of Hashdad. He had one night to fly from the dwelling

of his father, as the only way of saving his beloved partner and a lovely and only child from the blind rage of those savage warriors, and had soon after, in a foreign soil, to bury the remains of his cherished companion, whose delicate frame, yielding to the hardships of their sudden flight, left him disconsolate with his helpless daughter. Time, and doing good to all around, did not heal the wounds of his heart, but greatly relieved his anguish; and after the fury of the war was over, and the cruel conqueror had been extinguished like a sudden meteor, Hashdad returned to his country with his darling Sindiah, and selected, instead of the place where his former dwelling had stood, Bacu for his future abode. His days passed here in tranquil practice of piety and benevolence, the education of Sindiah, whose beauty and sweetness recalled to his mind that beloved being which he too early had lost, forming the sad recreation of his existence.

Sindiah was not brought up like other females in the Orient, to make a pretty toy for her tutored lord and husband. Hashdad had implanted doctrines of the most elevated and purest virtue into her infant heart, directed her feelings, and cultivated her understanding, and still neglected none of those minor, but more pleasing, accomplishments, which would render her an amiable companion to an equally noble-minded husband.

A pleasant hill, near their dwelling, on the top of which some splendid palm trees shaded a piece of rock, formed by nature into a commodious seat, was the place where Hashdad spent his evenings with his daughter, and instilled into her mind those sentiments which elevated her far above the rest of her sex. When the wide sea spread before their eyes in solemn calmness, and now and then the voice of a pious Parsee, in tones of praise, sounded through the tranquil air, or a grateful fire of sacrifice, kindled at the inexhaustible naptia wells, illuminated the dark sky by its æthereal light, then the pious father would unveil to the eyes of his daughter the world that had been—would tell her of ages long past, how differently the youthful earth had once been formed, how perpetual spring had prevailed everywhere, and that the virtuous human race, then inhabiting it, had often been found worthy of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher description. Sindiah hung enraptured on the words of her father; her bosom swelled with inexpressible feelings; she sought most ardently to learn more, and endeavoured, by her questions, to obtain explanations, which Hashdad felt unable to communicate. All positive information he could give her, consisted in those indisputable evidences of immense revolutions the planet had undergone, and which he, for a great part, had examined himself, such as sea-shells and conchyles found now in a state of petrification on the peaks of the highest mountains, bones of immense animals, no longer existing, petrifications of plants, the natives of the mildest climes, and now found beneath eternal ice.

Sindiah listened with profound attention to these relations; and the more intensely she listened, the more did they take possession of her imagination. None of the females she was in the habit of holding intercourse with, was able to

*According to Zoroaster's doctrine, Ormuzd is the principle of Good, or Light; Ahriman, that of Evil, or Darkness. They are in a perpetual war against each other; but, after a certain period, Ormuzd is to vanquish Ahriman, and nothing but light, truth and virtue is to reign on earth. This doctrine is, perhaps, one of the most sublime and, amongst its believers, most productive of moral and pure habits, of all which the Orient has produced.

†Near Bacu, on the Caspian Sea, the soil is, according to the reports of travellers, entirely saturated with naptia, which everywhere is easily lighted, and at one spot particularly produces a constant and beautiful flame.

comprehend and enter into her elevated thoughts, and she, therefore, retired from their society. None of the young men who approached the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Hashdad, with hopes of gaining her affection, answered the sublime idea which her imagination had formed, and they were consequently dismissed. Since those relations of her father, she continued, with the ardour of a youthful and the sublimity of a pure mind, to muse upon and finish those airy dreams, as she herself in more composed and cooler hours had to call them. But still her heart would continue to look up to higher regions for that which earth seemed to deny her. A divine ideal would constantly float before her, would fill her with trembling delight; she would bend before it with adoration, and at the same time press it to her palpitating heart in ecstacy of love. "Alas!" she would often sigh, "why did Ormuzd not give me existence in that happy age? an Amshaspand, or Ized,[†] might then have read my heart, and found me worthy of his affection!"

More distinct and clear became these visions to her soul. From the narratives of her father, and distinct dreams which revealed themselves to her mind, she composed in a short time, as she fancied, a tale of that annihilated world, which had so long occupied her thoughts. First, like dark reminiscences which revive in our minds, then clearer details unfolded themselves to her ideas. Not only the rough composition but the colouring and finishing of the picture engaged, irresistibly, her imagination, and thus the history of a Genius, who loved a mortal woman, the history of Argalya and Azora, as our former pages have attempted to represent it, came into existence, the production, the child, of Sindiah's imagination, to which she clung with passionate ardour, which she carefully transcribed on palm leaves, concealed from every unhalloved eye. In Azora's love for the sublime Argalya, she painted her own sentiments; equally as happy as Azora would she have been by the affection of a superior being; as tenderly attached, existing in the beloved object only, would she have felt, if it had pleased Ormuzd to let her live in that age of the blooming earth.

She felt inexpressibly blessed by these dreams and visions, and became more and more a stranger to the world around her. A deep rooted languor gained ascendancy over her mind, and with ardent wishes she looked for a more elevated, pure state of existence, for a fulfillment of her presentiments, which she could only hope to enjoy in a brighter and better world.

Her father observed the alteration in his daughter. He inquired fondly and earnestly into the cause; after some hesitation, with blushes and reluctance, she confessed her cherished visions. Hashdad was astonished; he did not know whether to pity or to blame his daughter. With all the arguments of matured wisdom, he contested against these airy images, and did

all to convince her of the danger of such visions. Sindiah acknowledged the truth of his arguments; she promised to restrain her imagination, and exerted herself to keep her promise, but, alas! in vain. Argalya's heavenly image would not leave her; awake and in her dreams it stood before her; she would read the expression of the deepest love in his sublime features—may, she would even think she heard his voice, pronouncing, in celestial harmony, her own name, and her languor increased instead of abating.

With anxious solicitude, Hashdad beheld the state of his daughter's mind. His fondness impelled to adopt, as he thought, the best method to reduce her mind to a more healthy tone. Dispersions in a pleasing reality, he hoped would prove the most efficacious remedy against an imagination too highly excited. He therefore increased her domestic occupations; he opened his house to strangers, and endeavoured to make her acquainted with men not unworthy of her conversation and esteem. Sindiah did all her fond parent could wish; she fulfilled her domestic duties with cheerfulness and exactitude; she made the most amiable hostess, because it gave pleasure to her father; but the nearer she approached beings of this world, the more satiated did she become with "an every day's life," the more did she perceive the vast contrast between that and the splendid image her imagination was incessantly haunted with.

In this manner time passed under fruitless trials and attempts. Sindiah's bloom began to fade; her languishing for something beyond this world, became more violent, and the exertions she made to conceal her feelings from her father, consumed her strength entirely. One evening, after their visitors had retired in unusual good spirits and gaiety, Sindiah, delighted to feel herself at liberty, took her lute and went to her beloved hill, to enjoy her own meditations.

She reposed on the rock; the moon scattered her silver beams through the large palm leaves, which were softly moved by a refreshing evening breeze. It was so calm, so beautiful around her! and solitude contributed so much to her happiness, particularly after an indifferent and still hurtful reality in which, for several days, she had been compelled to exist; she could not deny herself the consolation of seeking refuge with her invisible aerial companions, and of collecting closer around her those beautiful shadows which so often consoling and elevating floated before her inward eye. Clearer and more resplendent did she now behold them; tears filled her beautiful dark eyes, and at length she thus gave vent to her feelings:

"The night is calm; all nature is at rest. Welcome thrice, sacred tranquillity; delightful solitude, I woo thee! In thee my heart expands, and I feel far distant from the turmoil of an unfeeling crowd.

"What is yon noisy world to me? That happiness she has to offer, can yield no joys to me—what she has to bestow, I do not covet; but in my own visionary heart I feel a bliss above all reality!

"That felicity I cannot communicate to others, but when I am solitary and alone, it appears

[†]The Amshaspands are, according to Zoroaster's doctrines, the seven principal spirits in Ormuzd's empire; they are his assistants and companions. Izeds are spirits of the second class, and their number is not limited.

clear and resplendent before my longing eyes. Then, then I feel happy! I am with thee! I behold thee—thou speakest to me, and pure delight gives me thy heavenly voice!

"Oh, thou immortal being of light! hast thou never existed here? has my terrestrial eye never beheld thee? Can it be that thou shouldst only be a light vision, vanishing like the vapours of thy eternal flames?"

"When languor painfully affects me, then my heart beats wistfully towards thee, and is restored to calmness again only through thee; then can I believe that thou had'st never been—that thy apparition is my imagination's mere play?"

"Oh no! thou art no dream! Such love as my heart feels, is no void hope or vision! Wherever thy abode may be, near or distant, in what heaven, what planet, thou see'st me—thou knowest my longing mind!"

"Oh! descend from thy height. Let me but once, only one single moment, behold thee in thy soft and celestial beauty! And should I cease to breathe, for that happiness would I joyfully quit this world, and follow thee to yon heavenly pure!"

Sindiah was silent; tears stopped her voice, when all at once she heard sounds like distant but delicious music; they were heavenly notes, which soon calmed the anguish that throbbed in her breast. Surprised, she rose, listening; she looked around to discover from whence those melodious tones proceeded. She could see nothing; all was tranquil and solitary; the moon shone bright, and over the green fields beneath her, which extended down to the sandy beach, floated a silver-greyish mist, and enveloped the beautiful scenery in a transparent veil. Suddenly the sea breeze seemed to increase, the mist became denser, and through it Sindiah thought she saw something like lightning. Her whole frame throbbed, and an irresistible power attracted, even spell-bound, her looks upon the most impenetrable part of the mist. A sudden gust seemed then suddenly to divide it; it evaporated on both sides, and—an Immortal stood before her, in aetherial beauty. She gazed at him, and "Argalya!" she exclaimed, sinking senseless at his feet. When she recovered, the resplendent apparition stood still before her, his eyes resting upon her, beaming pure affection and celestial love. At length she found words for the expression of her sentiments, and exclaimed,

"Can it be? Does the being I dreamed of, asleep and awake—does it exist?"

"It does exist, and loves thee as in former ages!" answered a voice, the melody of which re-echoed in Sindiah's very heart. "Sindiah! Alas! dost thou not recognize the friend of thy first terrestrial existence?"

Sindiah looked astonished at the heavenly youth. She felt as if slumbering recollections awoke in her, as if she really had beheld those features before—had listened to the sound of that voice. Her heart palpitated almost to bursting—a delightful feeling seemed to solve the ties of life. Argalya's eyes continued to rest on her with inexpressible tenderness.

"At last," he said, "at last I have found thee again! Remember thy earlier existence; thou art

not the first time here below. Thy pure spirit has, thousands of years ago, animated an equally beautiful form; then thou wast called Azora, and wast mine—mine, as I presumptuously thought, for eternity. Hatred from abroad, and my own errings, tore me from thee. But the events of that age, and the causes which parted us, are in thy recollection, only thou mistookest thy true reminiscences of a former existence for dreams and delusions of thy imagination.

When I awoke from my death-like sleep, to which the just resentment of the Eternal had condemned me, I found myself a stranger on this globe, my power limited, the human race sunk, weak, and incapable of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher nature. And where—where should I find thee? Thy first mortal form had been annihilated by the same flood which engulfed that peaceful island, the place of thy refuge. Where should I search for thee?—thee, for whose sake I willingly would have resigned my power, and, in a mortal form, have shared the lot of the poor beings of dust. More than a century has passed since I awoke. Deep remorse, and the loss of thee, made immortality a burden. The Ruler of us all looked down upon my contrition at last, and forgave; I felt a kind of tranquillity and calmness again. Conscious that the souls of human beings repeatedly returned to the earth until they, through various trials, had attained that degree of purity which qualifies them to be received into the abodes of eternal light. I knew, too, that dark recollections of their former state would remain, and that the better and purer spirits who, during their earlier existence, had enjoyed an intercourse with higher beings, would preserve, in elevated ideals of perfection which ever float before their minds, an eternal reminiscence of their first and earliest ties; that it was them, who never could be satisfied in the reality of this existence, who always look in vain for that happiness they once partook, and search in vain among the vicious human race for the superior being which they once loved, and which continues to hold possession of their minds. Thus I hoped. I tried at least to find thee. I went from country to country, from place to place. Thousands and millions of mortal maidens have I seen; I was often, for one short moment, deceived by some similarity in external appearance, by the expression of some nobler mind than common, and elevated sentiments; however, the illusion lasted but a moment! Too soon I perceived my error; and, after a long search, I began to doubt if thy soul still inhabited this planet, or, perhaps, not requiring any purification, it had taken its flight, long since, to the regions of light. An irresistible power drew me towards the east; there, a secret voice whispered to me, there, where once my happiness has budded, thou may'st find it again. I came here, and seeing thee, Sindiah,

¶ It is believed, among several sects in the Orient, that the human souls repeatedly return to the earth after death, until they, through various changes of the body, at last have received that degree of purity which is required for a state of eternal blessedness, or re-union with the Deity from which they are believed to have issued.

I found the treasure-Find mourned for.. I floated around thee, and found it easy to re-awaken in thy pure mind recollections of thy former state. My image revealed itself before thy inward eye; thou did'st love me again without the least presentiment that thou had'st given me thy affection in former days. Thou thought'st that a web of thy imagination, which was nothing but a repetition of real events and occurrences; thou fancied thou wast telling a dream when representing thy own and my history, together with that of this planet as it has been. Thy languor increased, reality lost all its attraction for thee, Azora. Fate is reconciled! The Eternal has restored thee to me! I am permitted to call thee mine forever; if—those will it!"

Argalya ceased speaking, but his eyes continued to rest upon Sindiah, with the expression of the utmost affection and tenderness, who, lost in happiness, at last felt a perfect consciousness and recollection of her former existence.

"If I will it!" she exclaimed, at last, and tears of delight filled her eyes. "How can'st thou ask, thou my protecting genius, ruler of my destiny!"

"Azora," Argalya again began, and a gloomy cloud replaced the heavenly serenity on his countenance, "it is not now as in former ages. Neither I nor the other spirits who still invisibly inhabit this globe in common with you, can now approach you, as in yon happy days of innocence and guilelessness. The degenerate race, debased by the grossest vices and evil passions, is not qualified any longer for an immediate intercourse with the world of spirits; in a scarcely perceptible mode it is now only in our power to influence your destiny: we can now only reveal ourselves to a few chosen ones, and can no more assume the form of mortals, which now must sully and degrade the purity and nature of spirits. At present, my Azora, there is but one tie which can unite us, but one path which leads to the world of immortal spirits, and wilt thou not tremble when I name that path?"

He again was silent.

"I understand thee, my beloved," Sindiah replied; "I should not be worthy of thy affection if I did not comprehend, perceive the road to which thou pointest—if I could, for one moment, hesitate to follow it! Guide me then—take me where and how thou wilt."

At these words she extended her arms towards him, and would have taken his hand, but the figure of air and light withdrew from her touch. Looking at her with a sweet sadness, Argalya whispered to her, in a scarcely audible but indescribably harmonious voice, "Not thus, my Azora; only beyond this existence can I reach thee my hand: here below our union is impossible!"

"Oh! then dissolve those ties which separate us!" she exclaimed; "break asunder the bars which confine me to this earthly existence. I feel the revolution which the sight of thee has produced in my soul! Who could endure mortal life after such a moment? Oh! if I implore thee! take me hence, and—give consolation to my father."

"Come, come then to me, my Azora! Be mine for ever and ever!" exclaimed the genius, and superhuman delight beamed from his eyes.

At this moment celestial harmony sounded again, but now it seemed not to proceed from one place—from all around it came—from the skies above, from the rocks, trees, and plants below; every leaf whispered sweet melodies; their strains sounded stronger and fuller, more and more powerful; those notes penetrated into Azora's very life; they dissolved it into—tones. She felt the painful, but still sweet power which drew her pure spirit from its abode of clay. Argalya floated before her with increased brilliancy and splendour, the same as he once appeared before her in the palm grove. The stronger he shone, the more powerful did the celestial strains of harmony sound through the air, and the easier did her spirit leave its mortal form. At last! at last it was free, and golden beams of the early morning sun carried it to the abodes of eternal light, where Argalya awaited its arrival. The purest spirits were now united and became one for eternity.

DREAMS OF THEE.

Midnight!—the stars are bright,
And the pale moon shines coldly pure in heaven,
And the thin vapoury clouds, tinged by her light,
Like passing thoughts across her face are driven.

Midnight! the hour for rest—
The time, the dearest of all times to me,
When cometh slumber o'er my fevered breast,
And I can dream—ay, fondly dream of thee.

Yes—it is all of joy
Left to my blighted heart and burning brain—
The one pure pleasure that can never cloy—
The rainbow that my clouds of life sustain.

I wander all the day,
Like something scarcely of reality,
Careless of what I do or what I say,
And looking forward to my dreams of thee.

Ay—nought but dreams are mine:
I touch thy living hand! but dare not press it.
I gaze upon that deep blue eye of thine,
And my heart longs—my lips refuse to bless it.

'Tis only in my sleep
I look upon thee firm, my heart quakes free,
And pour in burning words my passion deep:
I would not lose for worlds my dreams of thee.

The day and night seem changed:
I think of trees, and flowers, and falling streams,
As things from which my spirit is estranged;
As once in happier years, I thought of dreams:

My visions, like intense
And vivid truths, my slumbering-eye can see;
And when a trance is on each outward sense:
My soul awakens in its dreams of thee.

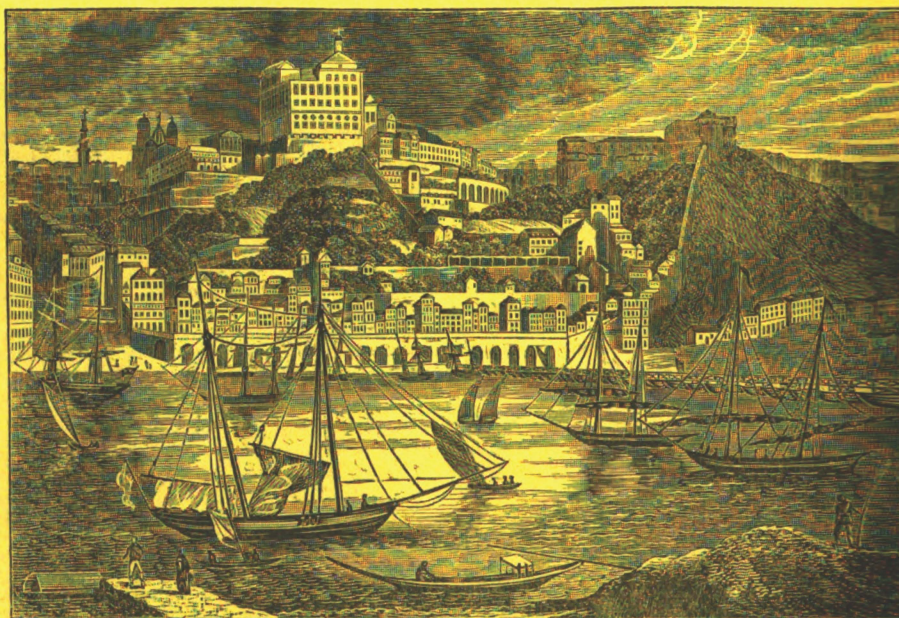
And various are the forms
My thoughts assume in that deep solemn hour:
Sometimes thou look'st on me in clouds and storms,
And sometimes as a soft and gentle power:

But be they as they will!
Thou the one fond idea still must be—
Like sun-light over changeful clouds, thou still
Art light and glory in my dreams of thee.

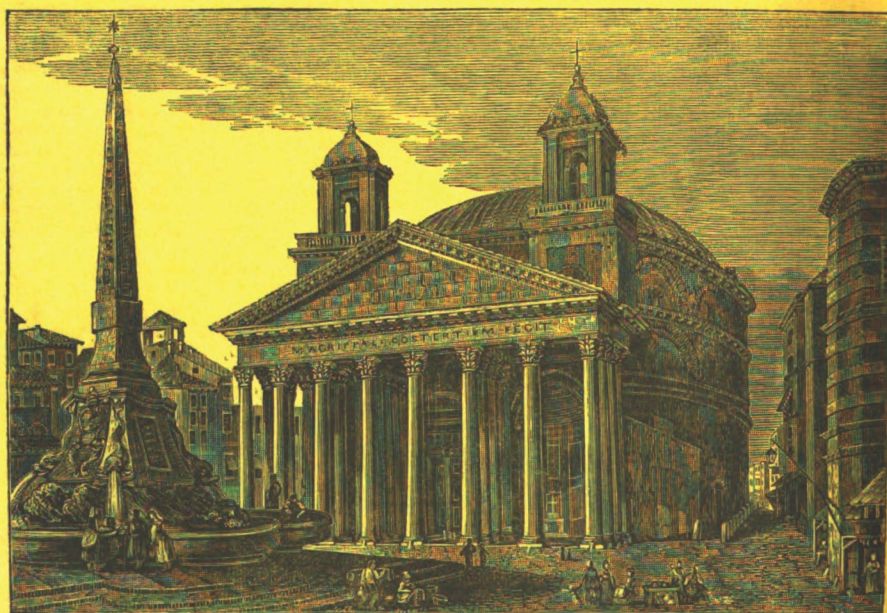
Then let me still dream on,
And in the realms of fantasy be best,
And feel at morn, when the enchantment's gone,
'Tis my excited spirits turn to rest.

And when the slumber deep
Of death at last is falling upon me,
I'll only mourn because a dreamless sleep
It is, and I shall cease to dream of thee!

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



City of Oporto, Portugal.



Pantheon, Rome.

PANTHEON AT ROME.

The engraving on the opposite page is a view of the celebrated Pantheon at Rome, built on the *campus Martius*, by Agrippa, the favourite of Augustus. It was consecrated by Pope Boniface in 687, to the Virgin Mary and all the martyrs; hence it is still called *St. Maria ad Martyres*. It is still more commonly called the *rotunda*, on account of its form. It is justly considered one of the finest edifices of Rome, and the artist has succeeded in conveying an excellent idea of its beautiful proportions. The roof is of stone, and vaulted, and through a large opening in the centre of the roof, the whole of the vast interior is lighted. The portico, which is in an excellent state of preservation, seems to have been erected at a period later than the temple itself. It consists of sixteen columns of oriental granite, each of which is fifteen feet in circumference. The interior was formerly adorned with the most beautiful statues of the various deities, of which the best were carried to Constantinople by Constantine. At present there are in the eight niches, eight fine columns, placed there by the Emperor Adrian. The height of the temple is one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and the width the same. The diameter of the opening in the cupola is twenty-seven feet. The floor is paved with porphyry. The whole edifice has suffered much from the emperors, the barbarians and the popes. This building should not be confounded with a smaller Pantheon of the *Minerva Medica*.

THE CITY OF OPORTO, PORTUGAL.

During the present contention in Portugal between the brothers Don Pedro and Don Miguel, a view of Oporto, one of the principal cities of the Kingdom, cannot but prove interesting. Oporto is a place of great commercial, as well as political consideration. Its situation is one of great natural beauty. It is the largest city in Portugal, Lisbon excepted, and is said to have been founded about A. D. 417 by the *Esuvi*. The city occupies the north bank of the Douro, (anciently *Durius*), about five miles from the mouth of the river, and the Atlantic Ocean. The approach from thence to Oporto is remarkably beautiful. The dangers of the bar, across the mouth of the river, once passed, a succession of interesting objects present themselves on both sides, as we ascend towards the city. The little town of St. Joao da Foz stands on the north bank, close to the sea, and is the favourite resort of the wealthier inhabitants of Oporto during the violent heat of the summer. The river immediately within the bar, expands into the appearance of a lake. A little higher up it is narrowed by two abrupt hills. That on the right terminates in a precipice of bright hard sandstone, descending so steeply to the water's edge, that but lately a road has been made from Oporto along the bank of the river, to St. Joao da Foz, by blasting and hewing down a sufficient portion of the rock. This height, from its precipitous sides, is called the Monte d'Arabida, and forms the western boundary of a lovely valley, opening upon the Douro, covered with the Quintas, or villas, of the wealthier inhabitants of the adjoining city.

Most of the Quintas at the mouth of the river command delightful prospects of the Atlantic Ocean, and the splendid effects produced on these scenes at sunset, in this glowing climate, are almost indescribable. Some idea of its beauty may be formed by reference to Colonel Batty's view from this point. The appearance of the Douro, with its numerous shipping, and the variety of interesting objects scattered on its cheerful banks, render this one of the most pleasing scenes in the circle of Oporto.

To economize time and space we must quit this enchanting spot. Gondolas, like those at Venice, are used on the river, but will not suffice for our celerity. We must reach at once the point of our Engraving. The view is taken from Villa Nova, an important suburb of Oporto, on the opposite bank of the river. The city may be divided into the high and the low town. It contains, in a civil sense, five wards, or *bairros*, of which the Sé, or cathedral hill, and the Vittoria, or height opposite to the Sé, (and crowned by a church, which was founded in commemoration of a celebrated battle fought on the spot with the Moors, which terminated in their defeat and expulsion from the place,) form the town properly called Oporto; and it is possible still to trace the remains of the old wall, which formerly surrounded and defended the place. The three other quarters, San Idelfonso, Miragaya, and Villa Nova, are open. The latter is connected with the principal town by a bridge of boats, which is so badly constructed as to be scarcely able to sustain the violent power of the river when swelled by winter torrents. The Douro, like the Rhine and the Rhone, and all other rivers which flow through a rocky and often confined channel, commits at certain seasons the greatest ravages; and property to a considerable amount is annually lost at Oporto, by the irresistible force with which the river pours down and carries every thing before it. A bridge of granite has been long talked of to connect Villa Nova and Oporto, but the funds are not yet forthcoming, and the expense will be considerable.

The engraving represents the most ancient part of the city of Oporto. We are here directly fronting the bishop's palace, which, with the Sé, or Cathedral, and buildings, to the left, occupy the crest of the hill. Further left is the steeple of the church dos Clerigos, said to be the loftiest in Portugal after that of Mafra. This tower is visible from the sea at a distance of ten leagues, and serves as an important landmark for ships steering to the mouth of the Douro. It was erected in the year 1748, and is built entirely of the finest masonry, an art in which the Portuguese are almost unrivalled. On the summit of the hill to the right, touching the old walls and towers, is the convent of Santa Clara. Immediately below the Cathedral, the rocky steep has been cut into terraces, and laid out in gardens. The river is bordered by the old city wall. A noble street, the Rua Nova de St. Joao, is seen opening upon the quay on the left. Part of the bridge of boats appears on the right: it was first constructed in the year 1806, destroyed in 1809, but re-established in 1815. It was the scene of dreadful

slaughter at the time the city was given up to pillage by the French. Some of the boats forming it had been destroyed, and many of the wretched inhabitants crowding to the bridge, in hopes of escaping from the enemy's sword, were urged on by the affrighted multitude into the rapid stream, and thus perished. On the river, to the right and left, is seen a Portuguese coasting vessel, called *Hyate*; in the centre is a wine-boat of the Douro, with a raised platform for the steersman. The foreground of the view is the shore of Villa Nova, adjoining the quay. The chief article of export is wine; and here is the grand dépôt for this commodity, which is stowed in long, low buildings, called lodges.

"On the quays," says Mr. Kinsey, "are seen fine blocks of granite, already converted into form, having their edges cased with wood, ready to be shipped off for buildings in Brazil, where it appears that no good stone, or, at least, so durable as this, can be procured; pipe-staves from Memel, flax and iron, and occasionally coals from the north of England. There are generally at anchor in the river between Villa Nova and Oporto, Russian, Brazilian, English, American, Dutch, Danish, and some French vessels: but many of the latter nation are not to be found in the Portuguese ports. Two thirds of the shipping to be seen in the Douro, are British, Brazilian, or Portuguese."

The gardens of the city are luxuriantly stored. Brazilian plants, easily distinguished by their gaudy colours, vines on trellis, superb lemon-trees, lime and orange trees, pear, apple and plum trees, and Alpine strawberries are in abundance. The Indian cane, with its splendid blossom, whose colour resembles that of the Guernsey, or rather the Chinese lily, is a gay addition to the ornaments of this earthly paradise. Mr. Kinsey says, "*The ulmus adjuvare vitem* is well known in poetical description, but in Portugal, besides overshadowing their artificial supporters, the vines are seen attaching themselves to, or hanging down in luxuriant festoons from forest trees, such as the oak, chestnut, and cork, in all the wildness of nature, and not unfrequently insinuating themselves among the branches of myrtle trees, which attain a considerable size in the hedge-rows, and contracting their large purple bunches with the snow white blossom. The union is truly poetical, and its novelty is charming to the eye of a northern traveller. A vine is often purposely planted by the farmer under an oak-tree, whose boughs it soon overruns, repaying the little labour expended in its cultivation by its fruit, and the top of its branches. Ten pipes of green wine, *vinho verde*, expressed from these grapes, will yield one pipe of excellent brandy. Being light and sharp, the *vinho verde* is preferred by the generality of Portuguese in the summer, to wines of superior strength and quality."

The population of Oporto and Villa Nova was stated by Colonel Barry in 1830, to amount to about 80,000 inhabitants.

He who is accustomed to commune with himself in retirement, will, sometimes at least, be impressed with the truths which the multitude will not tell him.

Written for the Casket.

TO MISS —.

I knew her when the dawning years
Of childhood deck'd her circling brow,
When like the rose just budding forth,
Her charms were but a promised show:—
Her image waxed both bright and fair,
As days and months roll'd ceaseless on,
Her heart was buoyant as the air—
And radiant as the morning sun.

I knew her when in youth's bright morn,
A floweret still more fair she grew—
The rose-bud sip'd the noonday rays,
And burst her hidden charms to view;
'Twas then this sweet retiring maid
First glanced upon the passing swain;
And oft within the silent shade
She sighed to join the social train.

I knew her when in riper years,
Her form disclosed a model rare;
And when she smiled—her looks so sweet—
The graces joyed to revel there;
Her brilliant eyes, like twinkling stars,
Would shed abroad each speaking glance,
Her ebon locks, unloosed their stays—
Would o'er her polished forehead dance.

Her mouth, whose gently pouting lips
Caught every youth's admiring gaze,
Was but excell'd by blushing cheeks
That far outshone sol's evening rays;—
Her beauteous form, and graceful mien,
Has captured many a feeling heart;
And he that meets her fond embrace,
Is sure to feel a cupid's dart.

ALONZO.

THE WINDS.

Give me a voice like yours, ye winds, to woo
The virgin flowers, with Spring's unwritten song:
Or mourn o'er buried loveliness, as through
The prison bars of night ye sweep along;
Or where ye, in your vengeance, stoop to strew
Earth with your wrecks, to mingle with the throng
Of spirits who lift up their shout of joy,
And glory in your license to destroy!

I envy you your freedom. I would trip
Over the mountain swifter than the night,
I would go forth with every dawn, to sip
Dews from their morning refuge, ere their flight.
I would rest on the unconscious maiden's lip,
And who should spurn the arrogated right?
Or press the ringlets of the coyest fair,
Whose cheek would burn to know that I was there.

I envy you your fleetness. I would see
Once more, the world at old Wachuset's feet,
As in youth's first unwasted ecstasy,
I look'd in wonder, from your rocky seat,
On all my native hills, broad, green, and free,
And I would break to waves the silvery sheet,
Whose waters bore me, ere I learn'd the strife
Which troubles all the waters of my life.

But ye are spirits; and a mortal's sigh
Ye cannot answer. I must linger on
Till time gives me a home with you on high
And all the chains which bind me here are gone.
Yet would I tempt and importune reply—
Not in the tones of earth, but in that tone
Which answers to my yearnings; in the speech
That spirits know, and only spirits teach.

From the New England Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER II.

When I determined on emigration, I hesitated between New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was finally led to prefer Philadelphia, because I had lately received a parcel of papers from this city, among others the Pennsylvania Packet of June 10, 1784, and Bradford's Weekly Advertiser, of about the same date, which contained an account of the proceedings of the House of Commons against me. In Philadelphia, therefore, my case was known; and of course the oppression I had undergone, I was led to conclude, would probably make me friends there.

In sailing up the river Delaware, the America, which was under the care of a drunken Pilot, ran aground on the Brandywine shoals, and was in imminent danger—but after a long struggle, was finally got off, by the aid of a number of hardy passengers, and half a dozen sailors belonging to a vessel bound for Jamaica, which had been wrecked at sea. They were taken off the wreck by a Philadelphia vessel, bound for London, which we met, and which removed them to the America.

As this vessel was a clipper, very sharp built, and sprang at high water, there was a great alarm among the passengers, who were bewailing their hard fate, to be in such imminent danger, after a safe passage of three thousand miles. Men six feet high displayed the utmost consternation, and actually shed tears. Trunks and boxes were opened to secure money, and trinkets, and other valuable articles which were in a small compass, and could be carried about the person. The alarm was greatly increased by the frantic conduct of the pilot, who lost his self-possession, and ran about distracted.

Behold me now landed in Philadelphia, with about a dozen guineas in my pocket, without relation, or friend, and even without an acquaintance, except my *compagnons de voyage*, of whom very few were eligible associates.

While I was contemplating a removal into the country, where I could have boarded at about a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a week, intending to await the arrival of my funds, a most extraordinary and unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which changed my purpose, gave a new direction to my views, and, in some degree, coloured the course of my future life. It reflects great credit on the Marquess de La Fayette, who was then at Mount Vernon, to take leave of General Washington. A young gentleman of the name of Wallace, a fellow passenger of mine, had brought a letter of recommendation to the General; and having gone to his seat to deliver them, fell into the Marquess's company, and in the course of conversation, affairs of Ireland came on the tapis. The Marquess, who had, in the Philadelphia papers, seen an account of my adventures with the Parliament, and the prosecution I had undergone, enquired of Wallace, what had become of the poor persecuted Dublin printer?—He replied, "he came passenger with me, and is now in Philadelphia," stating the boarding house where I had pitched my tent. On the arrival of the Marquess in this city, he sent me a billet, requesting to see me at his lodgings, whither I went. He received me with great kindness; condescended with me on the persecution I had undergone; enquired into my prospects; and having told him that I proposed, on receipt of my funds, to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, &c. &c. After half an hour's conversation, we parted. Next morning, while I was at breakfast, a letter from him was handed me, which, to my very great surprise, contained four one hundred dollar notes of the Bank of North America. This was

the more extraordinary and liberal, as not a word had passed between us on the subject of giving or receiving, borrowing or lending money. And a remarkable feature in the affair was, that the letter did not contain a word of reference to the enclosure.

In the course of the day I went to his lodging, and found that he had, an hour or two previously, departed for Princeton, where Congress then sat, having been in some measure driven from Philadelphia, by a mutiny among the soldiers, who were clamorous for their pay, and had kept them in a state of siege for three hours in the State House. I wrote to him to New York, whither, I understood, he had gone from Princeton, expressive of my gratitude in the strongest terms, and received a very kind and friendly answer.

I cannot pass over this noble trait in the character of the illustrious Marquess without urging it strongly on the overgrown wealthy of our country, as an example worthy of imitation. Here was a foreign nobleman, who had devoted years of the prime of his life, and greatly impaired his fortune, in the service of a country, separated by thousands of miles distant from his native land. After these mighty sacrifices, he meets, by an extraordinary accident, with a poor persecuted young man, destitute of friends and protectors—his heart expanded towards him—he freely gives him means of making a living without the most remote expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty. He withdraws from the city to avoid the expression of gratitude of the beneficiary. I have more than once assumed and I now repeat, that I doubt whether in the whole life of this (I had almost said) unparalleled man, there is to be found anything, which, all circumstances of the case considered, more highly elevates his character.*

I immediately issued proposals for printing the Pennsylvania Herald, which was extremely imprudent, as I was so utterly unacquainted with the temper and manners of the people. In a word, I was as destitute of some of the most important qualifications requisite to carry on a paper in Philadelphia, as I had been in Dublin, when I there commenced the Volunteer's Journal. I ought at once to have gone to work as a journeyman printer, and deferred entering into business on my own account for a year or two, until I had become acquainted with the country and those among whom my lot was cast. But foolish pride prevented me from taking this rational course, which I have often since had occasion to regret.

I soon supplied myself with types, but had no press. A Scotch bookseller and printer, of the name of Bell, had recently died in Philadelphia, and his stock, in which there was a press, was to be sold at auction about this time. As the press was very old, and very much impaired in usefulness, I expected to have it a bargain. But Colonel Oswald, who printed the Inde-

*It is due to myself to state, that though this was in every sense of the word a gift, I regarded it as a loan, payable to the Marquess's countrymen, according to the exalted sentiments of Dr. Franklin, who, when he presented a bill for ten pounds to the Rev. Mr. Nixon, an Irish Clergyman, (who was in distress in Paris, and wanted to migrate to America,) told him to pay the sum to any Americans whom he might find in distress, and thus "let good offices go round." I fully paid the debt to Frenchmen in distress—consigned one or two hogsheds of tobacco to the Marquess, (I believe it was two, but am uncertain,) and, moreover, when in 1824, he reached this country, with shattered fortunes, sent him to New York, a check for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which he retained till he reached Philadelphia, and was very reluctant to use, and finally consented only at my earnest instance.

pendent Gazetteer, and who viewed my operations with a jealous eye, commenced that hostility, which, ultimately, as will appear in the sequel, nearly cost me my life. He bid against me; and as I had absurdly fixed on a day for publication which was so near that I had not time to procure a new press, he continued bidding till he raised the price to about £50 currency, or 133 dollars, being one third of my whole fortune, and about the price of a new press.

My expectations of a remittance of the sum due me by my brother, were almost entirely disappointed. Of the amount I received but fifty pounds. The Volunteer's Journal finally perished, partly by the persecution of my brother, but chiefly by means of a paper set up under the auspices of government, with a similar title, which drew off a portion of the sale of the original paper, and most of the advertising custom.

At length I issued the first number of the Pennsylvania Herald on the 25th of January, 1785, which "dragged its slow length along" with slender hopes of success. On the 25th of March, same year, I took Mr. William Spotswood and C. Talbot into partnership, when the paper was enlarged; but still it did not make much progress, until I commenced the publication of a regular series of the debates of the House of Assembly, which was here quite a novelty. To this undertaking I was led by the following circumstances. A town meeting had been called at the State House, to take into consideration the calamitous state of the trade of the country, at which I attended in the midst of a large concourse of citizens, in order to give the public a statement of the proceedings. Jared Ingersoll, Esq. addressed the meeting with great effect. I sat down on my return home to write merely the heads of his speech—but found it run so smoothly, that I gave it in a regular series in the third person. When I handed it to Mr. Ingersoll for the purpose of examination and correction, he made only a few slight verbal alterations, and declared that he could scarcely have done it so well himself, as he had spoken without notes.

I naturally concluded that if I could publish a speech from memory, without having taken a single note, I should certainly be able to take down debates, with the advantage of a seat, a table, and pens, ink and paper. Accordingly, on the 27th of August, 1785, I commenced the publication of the debates of the House of Assembly, without the least knowledge of stenography. I abridged and took down the leading words, and was enabled to fill up the chasms by memory and the context; and as the printers had then more scruples about pirating each other, than some of them have at present, none of them republished the debates, of which the Pennsylvania Herald had, for that session, the exclusive advantage. John Dunlap, a respectable revolutionary character, who printed the Pennsylvania Packet, offered me a liberal compensation for the privilege of republication—but I declined, knowing that it would deprive the Herald of the very great superiority it possessed.

In the following session, Mr. Dunlap hired a stenographer, the well-known Thomas Lloyd, who, though an excellent stenographer, so far as taking down notes, was a miserable hand at putting them in an English dress. I learned his system, which was one invented by the Jesuits St. Omer's, but did not succeed better with it, than I had done before.

At this period, parties ran as high in Pennsylvania as they have done at any time since. The denominations were Constitutionalists and Republicans. The former were supporters of the Constitution then existing, which conferred the legislative powers on a single body, styled the House of Assembly, and the executive department on a President and executive Council. The Republicans were zealous for a change in the legislature, so as to have two branches, a Senate and a

House of Representatives. There were various minor points of difference unnecessary to be particularized.

There was at that time a society of foreigners established in Philadelphia from various nations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and West Indians, who styled themselves the newly adopted sons of the United States. Among the leaders were A. J. Dallas, the unfortunate Gerald, who, I believe, died in Botany Bay, Counsellor Healty, — Coulthurst, &c. &c. I was a member. The society was in perfect accordance in political opinions with the constitutional party, to which it became an auxiliary. As there was in it a number of zealous, powerful writers, they greatly annoyed the Republican party.

Colonel Oswald, who was the mouth-piece of the latter party, assailed their opponents with great virulence, and particularly their new auxiliaries, whom he grossly abused as foreign renegades. I wrote a reply to one of his attacks, in which were the following remarks which did not warrant the very acrimonious, and personal attack which followed on the part of the Colonel.

"National reflections are in every case as *unliberal* as they are *unjust*—but from Americans, they are something worse. Yes, sir, I say they are something worse. It is a bold saying, and may prove disagreeable to nice ears—but it is not the less true. They are, sir, *wrong* to the highest degree. It is a fact too recent, and too notorious, to admit a doubt, that a great part of those armies, that nobly gained America her independence, were "*aliens*" or "*foreigners*," many of whose countrymen are now subjects of obloquy and reproach. I mean, French, Germans, Irish, &c."

"I shall conclude with one remark, that it gives me pain to see the conductor of a free press, so capable, from the energy of his writings and his intrepid spirit, to defend the cause of liberty, debase his paper by such *illiberality*." Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1785.

A long and most violent controversy took place, which continued for some weeks, and was terminated as follows:

Colonel Oswald having commented on some of my paragraphs, which expressed *doubts* of sundry current rumours of the day, I replied as follows, with great severity, irritated by the infuriated style of his attacks—which were not confined to politics, but clearly manifested a desire to destroy me in the public estimation, and to prevent any chance of my success in life.

"I am, Sir, as you say, in doubt about several things. But there is one thing of which I never entertained any doubt, which is, that the *literary assassin*, who basely attempts to blast a character, is a *VILLAIN*—whether he struts in glare of day, a *ferocious Colonel Oswald*, with *drum-major countenance*, or skulks, a *Junius*, concealed for a quarter of a century."

M. CAREY.

To this Colonel Oswald replied:

"Your being a cripple is your main protection against personal insults, which your *oblique insinuations* would otherwise challenge."

ELEAZER OSWALD.

My rejoining was as follows:

"On this I shall only remark, that the quoted paragraph, which the Colonel alludes to, is as *direct as obliquity* as I have ever heard of. It cannot fail to remind the reader of the anecdote of the man, desired by the father of a girl to whom he paid his addresses, never to come near his house again, but who having gone there afterwards, contrary to those directions, was *kicked down stairs*. In some time, being met by an acquaintance, and asked how his love affair succeeded—he replied, that the last time he went to visit his *Deidemonia*, her father had *kicked him down stairs*: so, added he, *I took the snuff*, and never went there since. One remark further: Colonel Oswald, who

served in the army, is not to be told at this period, that though I am a cripple, there is a certain mode in which I would be on an equality with him. This kind is the less necessary to a man whose newspaper frequently holds out threats of coming to the point."

"It is possible some of them, when discovered, might come to the point."—Gazetteer, No. 215.

"But if fighting delight them, then come to the point."—No. 220.

This correspondence I republished in "The Plagi Scoundrel, a Hudibrastic Poem, addressed to Col. Oswald." As soon as he received a copy, he sent it to me, by a captain Rice, who, pointing to the above passage, said "Col. Oswald considers this a challenge." I coolly replied, "It was so intended, sir." He was proceeding to talk about time and place and other preliminaries, when I cut him short, and told him, I had nothing to do with those arrangements, and referred him to a French gentleman, a Mr. Marne, of the house of Turnbull, Marne & Co. to whom, promising the affair would end in a duel, I had applied to act as my second. This interview was on Monday morning, the 16th of January 1786. The second fixed on Saturday the 21st, for the meeting. In an hour or two after the first visit, Capt. Rice called on a second time, and told me that the affair had made a great noise—that there was danger of our being arrested, and bound over,—and that therefore it was necessary to anticipate the time. Although there was a great impropriety in his calling on me, instead of Mr. Marne, I assented to Thursday. In another hour or two, he called again with the same story, and wished a further reduction of time. I was, as may be supposed, exasperated at being treated as a child, and replied in a passion, "It is the part of a bully to bring such different messages." (I meant to have said send, but passion frequently does not allow time to choose the most appropriate words.) The captain took fire at this expression, which implicated him—and said he did not understand such language. I told him, as my wrath had not abated, that he might understand it as he pleased. But on a moment's reflection, knowing that I had no right to hurt his feelings, and had not intended to do so, I explained my mistake, and distinctly stated, that the offensive expression was not intended for him, but for his principal. This was satisfactory. I then agreed to meet on Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning, I must candidly confess, that I felt somewhat qualmish about the result. I had before been, or supposed myself to be, in danger of my life—once, as I have stated, on the Brandywine shoals—another time, when, crossing the river Delaware, on the ice, I fell into an air hole, without any person near to assist me, but a cowardly boy, and when I scrambled out, I scarcely know how. In both those cases I had been calm and collected. But to stand up in a field to be shot at like a crow, *c'étoit une autre affaire*, and had a far more menacing aspect. Candour calls on me to avow, that I took a couple of glasses of wine in the morning, to fortify my nerves, but my courage should, like that of Bob Acres, "boze out of my fingers' ends." On one thing, however, I was resolved, that if I displayed the white feather, I would never more see Philadelphia.

The place of meeting was in New Jersey, opposite the city. The principals and seconds, and I believe, but am not certain, Dr. Jones, passed over in a ferry boat. From the moment I entered her, till the affair was over, I found that the wine had been wholly unnecessary; and that I was as cool and collected, as if I had been engaged in duels all my life. When we came to the appointed spot, we found at the fence eight or ten persons, whom curiosity, and a report of the intended rencontre, had brought there.

It has rarely happened that a greater disparity has

existed between two combatants. I had never drawn a trigger but once, and that was to try a pocket pistol, with which I had provided myself, having been informed that Col. Oswald intended to horsewhip me in the street. My antagonist was a military character, who had, I believe, served throughout the revolutionary war, and been more than once engaged as a duellist. While the pistols were charging—the ground marking out—the other preliminaries arranging—and Col. Oswald and I were walking by each other, he made a sort of overture for an accommodation. "Mr. Carey," he observed, "it was never my wish to come to this issue with you." To this I replied: "Colonel Oswald, you must have known, from the nature of your attacks on me, and the great disparity of physical force between us, that it could never come to any other issue."

I would have cheerfully met his overture, (if it was so meant, as doubtless it was,) half-way, but that knowing he had a powerful party to support him, he would make the world believe that I had made advances and concessions to him, an idea that I could not endure. I assure the reader that the leading sentiment of my mind, and which gave me considerable uneasiness, was, the utter inequality in which we stood in regard to connexions. My antagonist had a wife and five or six children depending on him; whereas there was not a person in America who had a drop of blood kindred to me in his or her veins. This reflection exacted a pang.

We stood at the distance of ten paces. As soon as we had taken our stations, Captain Rice, Colonel Oswald's second, cried out in a voice of thunder—"Gentlemen, if either of you steps beyond the line, by—I will blow his brains out." I was horror struck at this idea this speech conveyed, as if we were murderers—and the impulse of the moment was, to throw my pistol at his head.

We fired at the word of command. My pistol, as might have been expected, was harmless. Col. Oswald shot me through the thigh, a little above the knee. It was reported and currently believed, that he said he fired low, as he did not wish to kill, but merely "to wing" me. His long experience with fire arms, renders this idea probable. Had his ball been half an inch or an inch lower down, it would have struck the joint, and rendered amputation necessary. It went through the thigh bone.

I did not feel the stroke. The first knowledge I had of being wounded, was when I found myself on the ground, and the blood spouting out of the wound, as water spouts from a *jet d'eau*. Some of the spectators informed me afterwards, that when I was struck, I sprung from the ground half a foot or a foot into the air.

The wound was bandaged on the field, as well as it could be done in such circumstances. I was brought home and ordered to be kept quiet, and no visitors to be admitted. And here I performed a gratuitous act of justice, which was probably one of the best acts of my life, but which did me considerable injury.

During the course of the controversy, some of the correspondents of the Pennsylvania Herald, had thrown out strong insinuations against the courage of Col. Oswald, which I had published. After the duel, in which his conduct disproved the allegation, while smarting under a wound that endangered my life—a wound, the result of a wanton attack on my private character, I deemed it right to retract the accusation, which I did in the following words, in the Pennsylvania Packet:

"Having on Wednesday last had a rencontre with Col. Oswald, which to my great satisfaction has not terminated to his injury, and he having behaved himself as a gentleman and man of honour, I with pleasure

embrace this opportunity of retracting what I have asserted, derogatory to his character."

Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1786.

M. CAREY.

This gave high offence to the Irish, who had taken great interest in the affair on my side, many of whom never forgave me for what they called a degradation. My second, Mr. Marmie, a man of a nice sense of honor, was unappeasably offended. He forsook me; and when I sent for him, and complained of his absence, he said, with the most perfect *sang froid*, that as I had taken the affair into my own hands, he would have no more concern in it. I never saw him afterwards.

By neglect and mismanagement, the cure of the wound was not completed till fifteen or sixteen months had elapsed, during a part of which time, I had to be lifted up and down stairs, and during the remainder, had to use crutches.

Here let me state a most curious fact.

During the controversy, I had advanced charges of plagiarism against Col. Oswald, which I had substantiated by quotations from Junius and the North Briton, which were taken in some instances verbatim, and in others with slight variation, by the Colonel; and many of which, however applicable they were to the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Grafton, had no application whatever to me. I concluded the essay with the words: "*I have now done with Colonel Oswald.*" A friend, to whom I showed the essay, advised me to retain that idea, as circumstances might arise that would render it necessary for me to resume the controversy. Accordingly, I took the paper, and altered the conclusion to read thus: "I would now hope I have done with Col. Oswald; but if I am rightly informed, there is in his composition, too much of the quality which, in good men and applied to good purposes, is termed *perseverance*, and in bad men and applied to bad purposes, is termed *obstinacy*, to allow me to be very sanguine on the subject." After the duel, as soon as I was allowed to read, the first book I took up, was *Tristram Shandy*—and I at once opened on the very same words applied to uncle Toby. It is easy to conceive my fright. The book dropped from my hands, and I was seized with a cold sweat, as I thought with what apparent justice the charge might be retorted on me. But I had not read *Tristram Shandy* for probably ten years. This extraordinary fact fully proves the truth of the maxim, that "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.*"

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1833.

M. CAREY.

TO — OF THE VALE OF TURENA.

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

To some lone, dark, sequester'd spot,
Whose dark'ning shades affright me not,
I hie me at the twilight gleam,
Of by-gone joys and friends to dream.

I sigh for many a friend afar;
I ask the silver glittering star,
Where is that heart with friendship blest?
Where is that form I love the best?

I ask the moon when high in air,
Where is my friend, oh, tell me where?
She answers naught, but that her ray
On wild Turena's vale can play.

And when those glorious orbs above
Awake thy soul to joy and love,
Oh! let one thought for me be there
Amid thy hallowed evening prayer.

It is wise to do with the utmost kindness of manner a favor which you see to be inevitable, unless, indeed, you fear to encourage a future or frequent application.

From the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*.

STANZAS.

I stood upon the sunless shore
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
The bygone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Joined in the lapse of time's career,
The past eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night,
Faded with its dreams away;
And dark and shapeless with it go,
A thousand hopes once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year of perish'd thought,
And ill-delayed design,—
A part, too, of the vital gleam
Quench'd 'neath Time's incessant stream,
A march towards decline.

From out those waves no palmy isle
Uphears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck'd Hope may light her smile;
Boundless, and drear, and dread,
The billows break without a roar,
"Nameless" is stamped upon the shore;
And "Death"—there all is dead.

And Love turns trembling from the sight;
Hiding his face with fear;
And Beauty shrinks in pale affright,
And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless along one brow and eye,
But they are of despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year—
The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
Forever from the sun;
Leaving a dead tranquillity,
As when a mighty ship at sea
Has just gone wildly down!

TIME.

Dark-dealing power, around thy way
The wrecks of human grandeur lay;
Oblivion's waters cold and black,
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,
And darkly hide from mortal ken
The traces where thy curse hath been.

The proudest things that earth hath known,
The gorgeous splendor of a throne,
The crest and kingly diadem—
Thy peerless arm hath scattered them;
The power that shook the world with dread,
Lies crush'd beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,
Yet leave no traces on thy brow,
Revealing and destroying all,
As firmly now, thy footsteps fall,
As when at first thy course was given,
And thy dread limits mark'd by Heaven.

Mysterious power! still deep and strong
Thy tide of years shall roll along.
The sun shall leave his home on high!
The moon and stars of heaven shall die;
But thou shalt be the last to fall,
The conqueror and the end of all.

THE LETTER-DU-CACHET.

BY J. L. KNOWLES.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian, "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one's life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me; and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power—it must come down!"

"What must come down!" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastille," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly, "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, *as you conceive*," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do; you are tainted with a feeling and jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of the country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian—"he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted; as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master was a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the count, too, resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was a silent.

"Answer me, sir," cried his master.

Julian folded his arms and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor in you, Julian," continued he; "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'Twill come to more and to worse."

"May be," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the count thought," said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How?" inquired his master.

"He changed colour," said Julian, "and he changed his mind too; for he applied his whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the chateau."

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of a count?"

"I do," replied Julian; and the character of the count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How!"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix.—"Julian, you quit my service," cried he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to-night?"

"Very well."

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix: "I have been a faithful servant to you sir," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always *shall* love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You *have* been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous *subject*. You have begun to think for yourself—to questions the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and *would* give him a blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket: "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop; than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continue to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you."

"When a part of a foundation gives way," ob-

served Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken!"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence:

"It is," echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honorable man. He was handsome too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in the fiftieth year. He was married,—and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife, who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected in him, symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt; but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which from disparity of years he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance, to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so.

He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—"Twas a miniature!—a step or two nearer—"Twas his own!—He could not suppress his emotions, he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris

friends, among whom reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoice immediately his wife and the count.—He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and sooner or later will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother."

"Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself and stared upon his son.

"Threaten the count!—Why sir?" said Monsieur le Croix, lowering his voice.

"Indeed I don't know," replied the child, "but the count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you; and as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you."

"Remain here, sir," said Monsieur le Croix, and left the study—in the act of shutting the door of which behind him, he heard a shriek which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing-room door. As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, indignation, he rushed in, his hands upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix; but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room after his wife, who upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has had punishment sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered—Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passes the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining

upon his breast, and her little boy the other side of him—"A lovely sunset?"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon however will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger, whom, for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she. "Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the time in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the law—some of those vile bands of Republicans who have given rise to the recent ferment in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Juliette thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix—Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian desponding; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded le Croix.

"Your company?" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Lettre-de-Cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

Monsieur le Croix stood at the gate of his cha-

teau. How he regained his liberty he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in them, and short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length he arrived at the well-known portal, and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who answered his summons, and let him in. He ascended the staircase, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him? On the landing place he saw Eugene, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of the drawing room with an indescribable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the count were there! They did not seem to perceive him, but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of the husband beat! They spoke, but their words he heard not; he only saw what their looks discoursed—It was pleasure.—The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short; or if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression upon him. At last he closed with the count—they struggled—Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat.—'Twas a dream!—Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not far the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again,—did he not hear something?—No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! a kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild!—Rape! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he had heard above him? or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shook now followed shook incessantly, and with increasing violence.

"Was the Bastille best?—It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawn, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison.

A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth-part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges—The vision of Monsieur le Croix, was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked,—

"'TIS DOWN!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!"

The following *Hymn to Death*, is from the German of GLUCK. Nothing can be more sweet and touching. Like Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S Address to his Soul, or the beautiful Spanish *coplas*, of Don JONAS MANRIQUE, it breathes the very soul of poetry and religion.—What contemplative mind can read it without emotion and admiration?

TO DEATH.

Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity;
Those clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothings o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
Over the silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear:
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates; thy rest is bliss
I would I were away.

THE FRENCH PRIVATEER.

Jacque Matthieu, in his little *ballahou*, the Maringouin, or Musquito, has often annoyed ships of war, particularly the—frigate, for a whole day. Confident in the swift sailing quality of his vessel, Jacque would heave her to the wind, and there in the most unconcerned manner, until the ship of war had worked up so far to windward as to be within gunshot when the wiley rover would fill his sails, shoot off like an arrow, and by making one or two tacks, be sufficiently out of reach of the guns of the English ship to heave-to again; and so on alternately until the cover of the night when he would slip away unperceived! It must be observed, that all the labor and anxiety were on our side; such as setting and trimming sails, trimming the ship, working the guns, &c.; whereas the Frenchman, in his petite barque, had nothing more to do than to draw in or ease off his sheets, and to put his helm down. In the intermediate time, the crew were lying about in perfect repose, smoking cigars.

On the north side of St. Domingo (Hayti) to the eastward of Cape Francois (Cape Haytien) there is a singularly shaped hill, or rather rock, stretching into the sea, and almost insulated. It has been named by the Spaniards Monte Christo; but it is, with more propriety by the French called La Grange. There is a small port here, which affords shelter to the privateers when cruising off the coast. Whenever chased they make directly for it, and seek protection under the guns of the fort. Our boats, however, in 1803, more than once, in despite of this protection, cut out several vessels under a formidable fire. In January, 1804, the—frigate chased two privateers into this anchorage; and although every stitch of canvass that the ship could bear was set, we had no chance of success with them, as, unfortunately, the frigate which had been at a former period a swift sailer, no longer retained that first rate quality; and we had often the mortification of being baffled in our pursuit of the enemy's light vessels in consequence. Our frigates generally were not so successful as the smaller classes of vessels of war on this station, in capturing privateers. In fine weather and light winds, it was difficult for a square rigged vessel, even under a crowd of sails, to catch one of these little schooners, with no more than four or five sails set. The majority of instances, however, were unfortunate.

Two days after our successful essay (as stated above) we spoke an American schooner, the master of which informed us that, six hours before our speaking him he had seen a French privateer capture a British ship, and make sail to the westward. This intelligence instantly acted like a talisman; and although we had found such authority not always to be depended upon, yet, in a short time our gallant ship was under a press of sail in pursuit, according to the received information. Among the naval evolutions, there are perhaps none which produce a more beautiful effect than those of making and shortening all sail, when performed by a well disciplined crew. Our Yankee informant, who was leaning listlessly over the quarter bulwark of

his little low vessel, close to us, seemed perfectly astounded at the rapidity of our movements. Indeed, the mere casual spectator, who views the slow and (from want of hands) awkward manner in which a merchant vessel sets and reduces her sails, can form no conception of the rapidity and simultaneous movement with which those of a man-of-war can be loosened and set, or reduced and furled. Jonathan appeared quite delighted at the noble appearance of the frigate, with her studding sails aloft and aloft, and as we dashed by him, greeted us with a wish of success. During a delightful moonlight and a fine steady breeze, the old ship pressed her way to the westward. Many an anxious eye strained towards the horizon in that quarter; not a speck, however, met the view, until the open morn presented, in our line, a lofty sail. In an hour's time we were alongside of her. This vessel proved to be an English letter of marque, and had not been molested by any of the enemy's cruisers; consequently she was not the ship alluded to by the Americans. We therefore made all sail again, and in the forenoon captured a French *hellanca*, having on board two thousand dollars. This little privateer had but recently been fitted out; the crew were novices, and her capture was occasioned by the want of their skill.

In March of the same year, we discovered a privateer under the land of Cape St. Nicholas, on the west side of St. Domingo, and immediately chased her. During the night we got sufficiently near to fire several shots at her, and were congratulating ourselves upon our unusual good luck—her capture appearing certain—when, most provokingly, the wind almost died away, and the arch rogue very soon evaded us by the use of his sweeps. The next day, to our surprise, we saw her at a long distance outside of us, when we had expected to see her hemmed in between the land and our ship. Our partial success the evening before had inspired us with vain hopes; and the moment the sea breeze permitted, we again made all sail in chase, and continued it for thirty-six hours, until we reached Cape Francois, when she fairly ran us out of sight! In this chase there was a fine display of what can be performed by nerve and good seamanship. Our worthy young captain, now unhappily no longer among us, with the sterling qualities of a thorough seaman, possessing energy, activity, and intrepidity, in an eminent degree, conducted the duty throughout this long chase. We had, what was then considered unusual, a westerly wind; and, in following the privateer, we got close in with the western part of the Island of Tortugas. The little fugitive barely weathered it, but having done so, went off with a flowing sheet. Her object, that of drawing us so much into the light as to oblige us to make a tack, had nearly been accomplished. Up to the last moment it was doubtful whether the frigate would weather the point. To take the channel between the Island and the main would not do, as the privateer would, on seeing this, haul her wind, and leave us, on emerging from the eastern extreme of the channel, dead to leeward, as the wind then was. The master thought the old ship could not ac-

complish the weathering of the point; to try it, however, the captain was determined. "She must do it," was often repeated; after which all was silent expectation until within a biscuit's throw of this bold projection, when, all being in readiness, the helm was promptly put down, and in a few seconds, after "shaking her clothes in the wind," and gallantly showing her stern to the rocks, the "Old Lady" was again in the wake of the astonished Frenchman, parallel with the shore.

The night set in; the moon, with her silvery light, was up behind the hill aback of Cape Francois; and the ship lay becalmed in the shadow of that high promontory, which, in its contour, at a certain point of view, bears some resemblance to the celebrated rock of Gibraltar, but its shape varies remarkably at almost every point of bearing. From one position it appears a huge mass of rock land, with several conical peaks; at another it forms a saddle mount, and again altering the line of view, it looks lengthened out like a vast lion reposing.

The gray morning had scarcely dawned upon us, ere the mast-head-man reported, with a cheerful voice, "sail, oh!" and in a moment after another, and another; and by the time the horizon became clearly exposed to view, we found no less than five privateers surrounding the ship, like as many sharks their expected prey. They doubtless had seen the ship at the close of the last day from their anchorage at Monte Christo, and believing her to be a merchantman, had sailed forth during the night in expectation of pouncing upon a good prize at day-break. They were, however, very soon undeceived, and began to exert all their nautical skill in manœuvre for their individual safety.

The sight was beautiful, and interesting to us in no common degree, but the bad sailing of the ship gave us little hope of success, nevertheless, as soon as the sea breeze afforded the opportunity, we set all sail possible in chase, and soon commenced firing from the main deck guns upon those that were within reach. By trimming and suspending the chests and shot lockers; sending part of the crew to bed, in order to make the ship more lively, her sailing was wonderfully improved; she tacked with unusual celerity, and afforded us occasionally some gleams of hope. In this state of anxious uncertainty we continued until noon, when the whole of the men were ordered down for a few minutes to their dinner; at this time we had one of the privateers on our lee-bow on the same tack, who in the most prompt and skilful manner put about with the design of trying for the weather gage by crossing our hawse. It was a bold and hazardous attempt, but it was the only chance she had of escape, and she succeeded! The intrepidity of the French commander upon this occasion can never be obliterated from my memory: he sent all his men below, and he took the helm himself—there he stood like a hero and a veteran warrior, unmoved amid the showers of shot that fell around him; ripping up the decks of the little bark, and tearing his sails into ribbands—there stood Jacques Matthieu himself alone, and undismayed! Steadily he approached; and so close under our bows, that

some of his ropes caught our flying-jib boom and made it bend like a bow; the instant this temporary check ceased, she sprung as it were, from us, and was soon out of reach of our shot; the fore-castle guns and all the marines blazing away at the little floating thing. Jacque was in his glory—it was in hazardous and difficult situations that this clever and intrepid seaman shone most conspicuous, differing essentially in this point from the generality of his countrymen;—a man of less nerve and presence of mind would not have attempted it, and the correctness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment may be here inferred, from the success that attended his manoeuvre. His escape depended upon the possibility of crossing to windward of the frigate without falling on board her—he had a moment only to decide, and the boldness of his conception and promptitude of action carried him through all; and as he slid rapidly by, he waved his hat, accompanying the action with a loud and steadily-delivered, “Bon jour, Messieurs!” This was most admirably performed, and every body laughed at the fellow’s coolness, and admired his abilities, and turned their attention to the next nearest; she, however, not daring to follow the example of the gallant Jacque, soon convinced us that her commander was not equal to the difficulty he was placed in, by bearing round away, as a dernier resort, and running up all his flying-sails, he committed an error in judgment, that cost him his vessel, although, as it was, she held us a tug until six o’clock in the evening, when we had the satisfaction of capturing a very beautiful vessel. She was subsequently scuttled and sunk into the bottom of the deep, as we could spare no men, without weakening the ship’s crew, to navigate her to Port Royal, thus sacrificing, and very properly, individual profit for the public good.

Resuming our station off Cape St. Nicholas, we again fell in with the French schooner privateer, and chased her into the Bight of Leogane. As the night drew on, the cunning rover kept his vessel close to the shore, not only because he knew we could not follow him in the ship, but in the hope that we should lose sight of him in the shade of the land; but our night-inverting glasses were excellent, and the eyes at them well practised. At half past eight, the wind having died away, and perceiving that the chase had lowered her sails, the ship’s anchor was dropped under foot, and the boats manned and armed, and sent after her. The opportunity appeared glorious to the young mid; their push forward—knew no bounds; I never saw a peck so elated; the feeling whilst the uncertainty lasted may be defined, something like delight mixed with anxious impatience. Happy fellows—thrice happy days! Who would not grow old and wise, that could live on as cheerful and as thoughtless as a mid? From a splashing in the water we found that the privateer was using her sweeps; this gave increased energy to the boat’s crews and they pulled away most lustily. At nine the sound of the sweeps was no longer heard, and we had no guide, but pulled on as near as we could guess along the line of shore; in a few minutes after, a strong smell of garlic

and tobacco smoke warned us that we were near our enemy. Directly after, the indistinct appearance of her masts told us her position, and a smart fire of musketry was opened upon her, which was spiritedly returned. At this moment there was not a breath of wind stirring; the schooner, which was long and low, lay motionless—her sails down and her sweeps hauled in, in readiness to repel the boarders, and to act when the land wind came off. All our party were confident of success; the boats approached, and were in the very act of hooking on under a tremendous fire of muskets and musketoons, when in an instant, the whole of the schooner’s sails were spread, a cold air from the land filled them, and she glided away in the most astonishing manner. The effect was singular; one could almost swear that the thing was endowed with life; the shade of night added to the effect that sort of sublimity which darkness throws over objects and scenes in themselves unpossessed of that character. The oars were got out as speedily as possible, and the men pulled with great spirit after the fugitive; at the time the frigate passed us under all sail, firing her guns in rapid succession, some of the balls from which made a grand clatter among the rocks on shore. The noble frigate, as she dashed past our pigmy vessels like a huge levathan, had something very grand and imposing about her, as seen through the dubious light; apparently, her size was greatly augmented; and the long white horizontal line of her painted side, just distinguishable through the obscurity, glided past like a winged serpent, darting through ether. As we advanced towards the open sea, the breeze became fresh, and in a little time we lost sight both of the ship and the schooner, and, as the cannonading had ceased, we were in doubt whether the chase had surrendered or escaped. On getting on board the ship at midnight, we found that the privateer had really escaped, although at one time fairly under the guns of the frigate; as the breeze freshened she drew away surprisingly fast, and at last she was suddenly lost sight of, and it was concluded that she had gone down.

A nearer chance of capture never, perhaps, occurred; the boat I was in had fairly got alongside the enemy’s schooner, and another boat was in the act of hooking on by the rudder to haul up, at the moment I have described, that she slid past us, as it were by magic! Our third lieutenant, lieutenant of marines, and several seamen were wounded. A day or two afterwards we learned from an American that he had spoken the privateer almost in a sinking state, making her way to Monte Christo; great part of her deck was torn up by the 32 pound shot from the frigate’s quarter deck guns, and many of her men were killed and wounded; but the spirit of the commander, remained unsubdued; he could be no other than our old acquaintance Jacque.—*United Service Journal.*

The difference between rising at 5 and 7 o’clock in the morning for the space of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to an addition of 10 years to a man’s life.—*Doddridge.*

THE LAST BACHELOR.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat around the table of a club room at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left upon the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spirituelle looking glass to each member.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St. John, the "sad dog" of the club, "brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over."

"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Earnest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table, "no, no! it is a sad hour not a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!" The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink mourning, I say. There are times and places even when we must be grave. I, for one, will never weep when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass and trump my philosophy."

"Remember me! but you're all wrong," hiccupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups, "Gourlay, there, I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Earnest—Gourlay is nearer to it—but—but he smacks of his vacation! No preaching, let us be—pass the bottle, Tom—sober. Send for a dozen 'white-top,' and when the clock strikes twelve—how those olives make me stutter!—send it up, solemnly, for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use thundered Tom Corliiss," who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected to be in love, "who would drink it? not I, faith! What, sit down when eleven such fellows 'slept without their pillows,' to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear marcaroni! It would be much better to travestie that whim, and seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!"

The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside with its irregular signatures, till twelve.—As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.

It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in — Street, with a dusty bottle and single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Pah! it cut like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind!—Ten years, since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand. It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel, and little Gourlay, and to-night, last of all, O'Lavender has got before me. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the old bachelor. I, Tom Corliiss, that am as soft in my nature as a 'Milk diet!' I, that could fall in love any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I, that have sworn—and broken—more vows than Mercury! I, that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliiss, an old bachelor! Was it for this I dined with you, —? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to you, —? Was it for this, oh —, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious —, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have danced with time-out-of-mind-wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kerseymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliiss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird thyself!

And so, they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:

DEAR TOM—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that you would drink it? I am married as you know, and my children sing 'we are seven.' I am very happy—very. My wife—you knew her—is a woman of education and knows everything. I can't say but she knows too much. Her learning does pester me, now and then—I confess I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that didn't

read Greek. Farewell, Tom. Marry and be virtuous.

Yours,

HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a 'woman of talents.'

Ha! ha! 'happy—very happy.' Humbug my dear Harry! Your wife is a blue, and virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts. So much for your crowing.—We'll see another:

Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, fidgetty bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blest as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent—that's her fault, by the way—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree.—She has no opinion but mine, no will of her own—except such as I give her, you understand—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am as happy as I can expect in this sad world.—Marry, Tom, marry. 'The world must be peopled.'

Thine ever,

FRED.

N. B. Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her simplicity.

Levy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnies, every one! Thou wouldest give the whole bunch of their carrotty heads for thy liberty again. Once more:

Tom, my lad, get married! 'Matrimony,' you know, 'is like Jeremiah's figs, the good very good'—the rest of the quotation is inapt. My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. I wish she was't, by the way!—my house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing—my wife is, that is to say—every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say, but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing, but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years, if my wife settles down, as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well, marry! mind that.

Yours always, G.

N. B. I would't marry a beauty, Tom.

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire.

MY SWEET TOM—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am, the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife—I took warning from Gourlay—is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, heaven knows—I wish she were a trifle prettier—but she's as good as Dorcas.—Ah! how we walk and talk, evenings. I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty; when I don't see her, you know, Tom. And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Ah, Tom! marry, and be blest, as I am!

Yours truly,

PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least pretty, Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain! And what might not mine have been, had I too been irreparably a husband!

Well—I am an 'old bachelor.' I didn't think it though, till now. And is it my lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony, with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering, is it my lot to be laid on the shelf, after all? Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore, to be pointed at by schoolboys as an old bachelor, to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings, to be quizzed with solicitations for founding hospitals, to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs? The gods pity me!

But not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part, to feed heaven knows how many mouths instead of one, to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter, to dine at another's hour and not my own, to adopt another's friendship and submit my own to her pleasure, to give up my nap after dinner for a room with a child, to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel, to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humour my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palate. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then. What should I have then, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like, and what is better, such as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like hunger if they are not fed? Must I love and be beloved? I think not. But this is the rub, if there be one. I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.

Men with Dogs' Heads, Tails, and Fountains of liquid Gold.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, though perfect Achilles for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground. Ctesias, as cited by Photius, talks of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India—true, we ought to remember, that Fernando Alarcon, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California, and that several others have seen them with dogs' heads. Monbodo rejoiced at this testimony, although Alarcon tells us, that these tails were discovered to be fictitious; and we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. As to the foundation of gold, the Indian legends say so metaphorically, and so they are credited as real.

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MARRIAGES IN ABYSSINIA.

Nothing in truth appears to be more insecure than the marriage tie in Abyssinia. Perhaps it might be asserted that there are no other obligations than such as are contracted by mutual consent, and which subsist only as long as both parties are inclined to respect them. After separation these engagements may be again renewed, again violated, and a third time repeated. Bruce met at Koscam, in the presence of the queen-mother, a lady of great rank with seven men who had all been her husbands, and no one of whom could claim her for wife at that particular juncture. When married individuals agree to part, they divide the children according to certain rules. The eldest son falls to the mother, and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one girl, and all the rest boys, she is assigned to the male parent; and if there is but one son, and all the others girls, he is the right of the mother. If the numbers are unequal after the first selection, the remainder are distributed by lot. From the king to the beggar there is no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate offspring; there being in fact no principle on which the preference could be made to rest, except in the case of the royal family, where the mother of the heir is previously selected and usually crowned.

In his ordinary marriages the king uses no other ceremony than the following: He sends an officer to the house where the lady lives, who announces to her that it is the king's pleasure that she should remove instantly to the palace. She then dresses herself in her best manner and immediately obeys. Thenceforward he assigns her an apartment in the royal dwelling, and gives her a house elsewhere in any place she may choose. There is an approach to a regular marriage when he makes one of his wives *Iteghet*; for on that occasion he orders a judge to pronounce in his presence that "the king has chosen his handmaid for the queen." The crown is then applied to her brows, but she is not anointed. The beautiful story of Abasuerus and Esther will occur to the recollection of every reader; for it was when she "had found grace in his sight more than the other virgins, that he placed a golden crown upon her head." This coronation in Abyssinia conveys a great political privilege, constituting her majesty regent during the nonage of her son; a point of correspondence which history does not enable us to trace in any of the mighty kingdoms that covered the banks of the Euphrates.

The ordinary method of contracting the matrimonial union among people of condition and "such as fear God" is the following: A man, when he resolves to marry a girl, sends some person to her father to ask his consent. When this is granted the future husband is invited to the house, and an oath is mutually taken by the parties that they will maintain due fidelity to each other. Then the parent of the bride presents to the young suitor the fortune that he intends to give; consisting usually of a particular sum of gold, some oxen, sheep, or horses, according to their circumstances in society. The bridegroom, however, is obliged to find surety to the amount of the goods, in case he should dismiss his wife, and prove unable to restore all that he has got. He is also obliged to secure an additional sum of money, or its equivalent in effects, to the lady, lest he should choose to separate from her without any valid reasons.

A certain period, twenty or thirty days, is also determined by a reciprocal oath, before the expiration of which they vow to go to church together and receive the sacrament. When the time appointed for the marriage arrives, the intended spouse appears again at the bride's residence, examines in her company the jewels and clothes which she is to carry with her,

and swears again that he will respect her property, use her well, never leave her without food and raiment; keep her in a good house, and discharge faithfully all the duties incumbent upon him as the head of a domestic establishment. His surety or sponsor likewise binds himself to see all these obligations punctually fulfilled. Matters being suitably adjusted, the bridegroom takes his wife on his shoulder, and carries her to his own house if in the neighborhood; but if not, he limits the procession to a complete circuit of her father's dwelling; after which he sets her down, and conducts her into it. No sooner is this ceremony performed than a solemn banquet takes place, consisting of raw beef and bread, honey-wine, and another beverage called *bouza*, extracted from fermented grain. The feast being ended, the parties mount on mules and ride to the gentleman's abode, where are concluded all the rites necessary to marriage before they live together. When they have completed the specified term, they appear in church, and declare before the priest that they are husband and wife, and that they are come to receive the sacrament. The clergyman satisfied with these assurances, performs mass; the young couple communicate and return home.

This, we are told, is the established form of those marriages which are celebrated canonically, or according to ecclesiastical rules. But it is clear that the peasants and soldiers do not encumber themselves with so much ceremony. No settlement, surety, or oath, being necessary, they kill an ox or some sheep, which they eat raw, drink a great deal of *bouza*, dance, shout, and practise various kinds of fooleries; and if a priest be at hand he sprinkles them with holy water, and repeats a *hallelujah*. The company join in the benediction; and, as we might suppose in such circumstances, this slight formality is distinguished by a greater degree of mirth than delicacy of manners.

The usage at the marriage of a prince or princess is described in these terms: The match having been previously settled according to the views of the court, preparations are made for the festival, which is generally held during the rainy season, while the country is secure and abandoned to pleasure. The King being seated on his throne in the large hall of audience, the parties are introduced into his presence with their respective attendants. After kissing his hand they are all magnificently clothed in dresses of brocade or other rich stuffs. The crown is sometimes set on their heads; they receive the benediction of the Kees Hatze, or royal almoner; after which they retire clothed with the catar. Having mounted horses given them by his majesty, they ride in great state, in the midst of loud acclamations, to the house of the husband. A dinner is prepared, in the course of which many oxen are slaughtered at the door in order to furnish *brind*, which is served up reeking and quivering from the body of the animal. Deep drinking then commences, in which the ladies and gentlemen indulge to a degree which to a European appears altogether incredible. These marriages, it is added, are by no means permanent; many of the *Ozoros* entering into new engagements as often as they please, and dissolving the preceding contract at the suggestion of convenience or fancy.

Pearce mentions a singular practice, which he remarks might appear fabulous to any one who had not witnessed it. When a woman has lost two or three children by death, she is induced, in the hope of saving the life of another just born, to cut a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread and swallow it. "For some time," says he, "I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and when told the truth I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to cus-

tom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherra*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They have recourse to many other superstitions and whimsical practices to prevent children from dying.

I Would not Live Alway.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin
Temptation without, and corruption within;
Even the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the high plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints in all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

CODE OF POLITENESS.

In addition to those we have cited, a number of the maxims of Madame Celnart are so just that we must take leave to adduce more, in order to refresh the memory or confirm the practice of all actual or would be members of "good society." And by *good society* we do not mean any particular coterie, or exclusives of fashion; but every circle wherein claims is preferred to moral worth, intellectual culture and refined manners. Sound constitutional rules of demeanor being rendered common to all respectable circles, there will be less pretensions or right to superiority to any;—all will compose the *haut ton*, that distinction which is so often thought equivalent to any advantage of mere opulence and worthy of the most persevering pursuit.

In Paris, according to Madame, a lady does not say *my husband*, except among very intimate acquaintances. She speaks of him and addresses him by his proper name, *M. &c.* It is an "axiom," that, in conversation, we speak as little as possible of ourselves, and as much of the other party and all that interests that party directly. Whatever you relate, you must never use phrases which imply that you suppose your veracity may be doubtful. Dispute rarely or never;—yield, with a good grace, when you find yourself wrong;—yield also though you be right, when the point is of no great moment, and, always, when your antagonist is a lady. Abtain from all discussion with people possessed by the spirit of contradiction. Beware of indulging keen sarcasm or severe raillery; malevolence is the opposite of politeness;—*stinging* pleasantry or pungent wit prevents social intercourse and makes enemies. Sportive humor, that is kind and occasional, may be indulged. *Hoarding* is

vulgar and foolish; *persiflage* is a bad habit, but sometimes serves as a salutary corrective of the impertinence of coxcombs, and the presumption of dunces. As for indecent witticisms, no true gentleman or lady will hazard them any where. There are delicate shades of character which distinguish both, and to which attention is due in every situation, lest they should imperceptibly be lost. To shine by eloquence, or repartee, or smart talk, in society, is of less consequence, than to maintain an invariably refined and amiable tone. Diversify your topics with ladies; they have too active an imagination and too versatile a spirit to support conversation for a long time on the same subject.

It is sometimes an incivility, a want of delicacy, to pay postage when we write to a friend, an acquaintance, or to persons of small fortune whose feelings may be wounded. We should pay when we write to strangers upon our own business, or to ask a favor. In Europe, an envelope and sealing wax are deemed indispensable for letters of form or addressed to persons to whom we would show particular respect. "If a person brings you a letter, you should not be in a hurry to open it, but see whether it concerns the bearer at all, or only yourself. In the first case, you should open and read it while he is present; in the other case, you should lay it aside."

Presents should be made with a little mystery, so as to excite pleasure and surprise. When made, nothing should be said by the giver to draw attention to them, or to render them of any consequence. The satisfaction or complacency with which they may have been received, is full requital. We should not refuse arbitrarily or prudishly what is offered from good will and without ostentation. Simple and gracious acknowledgment is enough. To ladies, the most suitable presents are entertaining volumes, bouquets or plants, music, engravings, fancy articles for the toilet, and so forth. Address objects, as much as you can, like your discourse, to their understanding and taste. Make what you offer or you say, as frequently as you can, a means of their improvement, without seeming to have that aim directly. Conversation occupies a large share of the time of the fashionable world in particular; those are not faithful to their own interests and duty, who do not endeavor to convert it into a beneficial exercise for their minds and hearts. Perpetual light gossip fritters away the intellect and dissipates sensibility. Excite others from time to time to serious and instructive remarks; by degrees, you will come to relish them; they will fructify in your thoughts when you retire.

Do not obtrude advice; when it is *asked*, give it frankly; be candid, let the consequences be what they may. Zeal in the cause of a friend when counsel or aid is solicited, has a lasting effect upon his gratitude. Indifference on the other hand, or timidity, disgusts and estranges.—Moral courage is a trait of which respect and regard are the certain rewards. Secrets are not to be explored; but when discovered or divulged into professed confidence, they must be religiously kept. It is incredible how much mischief and injustice is done by disclosing to one